MEMORIAL SERVICES

OF

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MEMORIAL SERVICES

OF

George G. Meade Post, No. 1,

Department of Pennsylvania, G. A. R.,

AT

Philadelphia, Pa.,

1880.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

OF

Geo. G. Meade Post, No. 1,

Department of Pennsylvania, G. A. R.,

AT

Philadelphia, Pa.,

1880.

Including Services at the Central Congregational Church, Rev. James R. Danforth, Pastor, on Sunday Evening, May 23, 1880.

Decoration Services at Laurel Hill Cemetery, and Lincoln Monument, Fairmount Park, Saturday, May 29, 1880.

Meade Memorial Services at the Academy of Music, in aid of the Meade Monument, on Saturday Evening, May 29, 1880.

Compiled from original manuscripts by Comrade Jos. R. C. Ward.

Times Printing House,
725 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia.

G. 1504

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WILLIAM ARTHUR,
JOS. R. C. WARD, D.D.S.,
MYER ASCH,
JAMES HESLET,
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GEORGE W. DEVINNY,
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Junior Vice-Commander,
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Surgeon,
JAMES COLLINS, M.D.

Chaplain,
HALSEY J. TIBBALS.

Officer of the Day,
CHARLES A. HALE.

Officer of the Guard,
EDWIN NELSON.

Sergeant Major,
JAMES T. STEWART.

Quartermaster Sergeant,
LOUIS E. PFEIFFER.

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Past-Commander GEO. W. DEVINNY.
Quartermaster's Sergeant LOUIS E. PFEIFFER.

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" CHAS. C. KNIGHT.
" W. W. H. DAVIS.
" WM. J. SIMPSON.
" ALFRED J. SELLERS.

SERVICES

AT

CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

N. W. Cor. Eighteenth and Green Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

—

REV. JAMES R. DANFORTH,
Pastor.

—

Sunday Evening, May 23d, 1880.

SERVICES AT

Central Congregational Church,

N. W. Cor. 18th and Green Sts.

Rev. JAMES R. DANFORTH, Pastor.

The following invitation was received:

Philadelphia, May 13, 1880.

DR. JOS. R. C. WARD, Adjutant George G. Meade Post, No. 1, G. A. R., Department of Pennsylvania:

The George G. Meade Post No. 1 are respectfully and cordially invited to attend religious services at the Central Congregational Church, Cor. 18th and Green Streets, on the eve of Sunday the 23d inst., at 8 o'clock.

The pastor, Rev. James R. Danforth, will deliver a discourse appropriate to the occasion.

On behalf of the Church,

JOHN EDMUNDS, *Clerk.*

Which was accepted by the committee, and the following general order was issued:

Headquarters Geo. G. Meade Post, No. 1,
Department of Pennsylvania, G. A. R.
S. E. Cor. Eleventh and Chestnut Sts.

Philadelphia, May 15th, 1880.

General Order
No. 6.

I. In compliance with General Orders from National Headquarters, and a Resolution of the Post adopted at its Muster, held on Monday Evening, May 10th, 1880, the members of this Post will

attend divine service on Sunday Evening, May 23d, 1880, at the Central Congregational Church, Eighteenth and Green Streets, REV. JAMES R. DANFORTH, pastor.

II. Comrades will assemble in full G. A. R. uniform at Post Rooms, on 23d inst., at 7 o'clock, P. M., sharp.

Those who are not uniformed, or have objections to wearing uniform on this occasion, will wear citizen dark suit, white vest and gloves, and badge on left lapel of coat.

The Commander earnestly urges upon all our comrades to be present, and as many as possible in uniform, for the credit of the Post and our Order, as it is but right and our duty that we should at least once a year assemble in public worship to Almighty God, who has spared our lives, and brought us safely through so many dangers.

By order of

A. J. SELLERS, *Commander.*

JOS. R. C. WARD, *Adjutant.*

In compliance with the above order, members of the Post assembled at Headquarters, and, notwithstanding the rain, which commenced about an hour previous to the time to assemble, and continued all the evening, marched to the church, and, entering the chapel, passed into the church, and occupied the seats in its centre. After appropriate services of worship the pastor, REV. JAMES R. DANFORTH, preached the following sermon:

SERMON.

Soldiers of the George G. Meade Post, No. 1, of the Grand Army of the Republic:

We salute you. We welcome you to our church to-night. We respect and approve of the General Orders from National Headquarters, under which you are here present, and we acknowledge with pleasure our thanks at the resolution of the Post, adopted at its muster, by which you selected this church as your place of worship.

The most gifted art critic of our day, and an unexcelled master of expression in English speech, has ventured upon other fields than those of art. John Ruskin has treated in discourse and essay upon social and political subjects,—always with truthfulness and brilliancy, perhaps not with equal certainty and conviction. Being invited to deliver an address before "The Royal Military Academy of Woolwich, England," he selected the subject of "War." I desire to quote from that address the following remarkable words: "The common "notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourish together, I find "to be wholly untenable. Peace and the vices of civil life only flourish "together. We talk of peace and learning, and of peace and plenty, "and of peace and civilization; but I find that these are not the words "which the muse of History couples together,—that on her lips the words "are peace and sensuality, peace and selfishness, peace and corrup-"tion, peace and death. I find, in brief, that all great nations learned "their truth of word and strength of thought in war; that they were "nourished in war and wasted by peace; taught by war and deceived "by peace; trained by war and betrayed by peace,—in a word, that "they were born in war, and expired in peace. Yet note carefully," "the lecturer proceeds to caution, "it is not all war of which this can be "said, nor all dragons' teeth which soon will start up into men. . . . "The creative and foundational war is that in which the natural rest-"lessness and love of contest among men are disciplined, by consent, "into modes of beautiful—though it may be fatal—play; in which the

"natural ambition and love of power of men are disciplined into the "aggressive conquest of surrounding evil, and in which the natural "instincts of self-defense are sanctified by the nobleness of the insti- "tutions and purity of the households which they are appointed to "defend. To such war as this all men are born, in such war as this "any man may happily die; and forth from such war as this have "arisen, throughout the extent of past ages, all the highest sanctities "and virtues of humanity."—Crown of Wild Olives, pp. 89, 90.

Without for a moment consenting to such an unqualified condemnation of peace, and such an imperfectly qualified commendation of war, we shall do well to examine what are the "truth of speech" and "strength of thought" peculiar to war; forgetting not, in the meantime, that peace has its victories and its virtues, as well as its defeats and vices, while all war does not consist exclusively of chivalry, unselfish devotion, sterling loyalty, and faithfulness to death. As the individuals who compose the citizenship of the peaceful state are in part the same who constitute the soldiery of its armies, their transfer from a peace to a war footing does not transform and canonize them into saints. Some of their imperfections have been known to follow them even into the army, and their canonization has been of a different sort than that upon ecclesiastical calendars.

But after full deduction has been made for the destruction, devastation, disasters and death of war, there yet remains in an honest, self-defensive war, enough of noble impulses, of disciplined powers, of developed courage and manliness, of indomitable purpose and unconquerable will, to repay the nation for all the sacrifice of property and the far more precious sacrifice of life expended. War is indeed a rough, harsh plow-share, relentlessly turning over the soft green sod, burying the bright, soft flowers of peace in rude upheaval, tearing asunder the interlaced roots of long associations and established institutions, and making of a smiling field and blossoming orchard an unsightly stretch of lifeless brown furrows. Yet from soil so agitated there waves, in a few months, a noble harvest, and the barns are never fuller of the finest of the wheat.

I need not declare to those men and soldiers whose sympathies and services were given to our country in the time of her need,

during the late war of the great rebellion, that such noble harvests have been reaped, and are still, through coming years, to be gathered. A race, the most cruelly enslaved, emancipated; a nation, the most enlightened, and the most treacherously attacked, preserved; and the problem of the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, solved and vindicated for the benefit of mankind,—these are the comely growths already overshadowing those red fields of carnage beneath which our fathers and our brothers lie buried.

Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, for these worthy objects your buried comrades fought and fell; for these same worthy objects yourselves fought, inviting the same fate. They were taken; you are left.

From no shallow desire to parade yourselves, from no mere motive to preserve your organization, (such are the whispers of base minds,) but from an honest and sincere desire to celebrate the triumph, to perpetuate the cause, and to keep in tender remembrance the cost, you observe the annual day of decoration. You take our flowers, grown in peace, and place them upon comrades' graves, sown in war. The tribute is tender, appropriate, and obligatory. I speak advisedly when using these terms. I repeat, obligatory. Though it was asserted of petty Grecian republics, heathen republics, "they are ungrateful," I would not have the statement apply to the great American Republic in this nineteenth century of Christianity. A Christian republic should not be ungrateful. It should avoid the appearance of ingratitude and of forgetfulness. The graves of our soldiers will not always be decorated. As years increase the distance between the horrors of war and the delights of peace, those who fell in relieving the land of the former and of securing it in the enjoyment of the latter, will exist only as a numerical expression upon the pages of history. Posterity will read that so many fell at Gettysburg, and so many in the Wilderness, as we now read that another number bit the dust at Naseby and at Waterloo. But that generation in which great deeds have been performed in the preservation of the nation's life would prove ungrateful indeed, and merit severe blame, if its defenders and martyrs could be forgotten. I will not believe the statement, made by some, that Decoration Day is losing its place in the hearts of our people. Possibly

some features of its observance may have lost their novelty, and some addresses of its orators strike the hearer's ear with the familiarity of a many-times-told tale. But be it remembered, that, however drilled our minds may have become in the facts, principles, events, issues, and consequences of the war, each year presents a teeming host of young minds who listen to the story for the first time. Their ears tingle and their hearts beat with honest pride and ardent patriotism at the recital of what the dead have done, and for what they died. Decoration Day furnishes to hundred thousands invaluable lessons of home history. It is a school for patriotism and kindred virtues. The nation would be vastly poorer and society meaner without it.

When the affairs of business are permitted to move on their monotonous pace through the whole weary year, unbroken by any day of national festivity or of grateful remembrance, then we shall be a nation of shop-keepers indeed, with courage to wield a yard-stick but not a sword, to face men in bargains but not in battles. If courage and sacrifice are at so mean a premium, if virtue and manhood are at so low a price, that those who fought and died for us are forgotten, then the conclusion is irresistible that the virtues in them which we have forgotten are passing out of ourselves. For bravery recognizes a brave deed the world over whenever done, and will not let it die. Patriotism cherishes the name and fame of patriots, embalming them in proud and tender remembrance. I feel assured that this generation will not—cannot—forget and neglect the living and the dead through whose sufferings and sacrifices our nation's flag is untorn and her name is unsullied.

No brother or son shall visit the neglected grave of father or brother with the heavy thought: "My father went forth to the field of battle; my brother armed himself for battle; amid its horrid din and blinding smoke he fell a willing sacrifice for a country that has forgotten him and a generation that neglects him!" No poor widow, upon whose weak hands has been thrown the whole responsibility of the family's support since the husband and father was shot at Gettysburg, shall have this sickening weight thrown upon her heavy burdens: "Why did I consent to his going forth? When the question was asked me, why did I not plead and weep and pray

against it? Why did I not bring the little boy and the wee babe, and place them in the door-way to bar his passage out? Why did I restrain my tears in his presence—but crying in agony when by myself? Why did I preserve a calm, cheerful face? Why with such outward composure bid him farewell and Godspeed at the call of country,—if the country that called him so soon forgets his reply and my sacrifice, forgets his death and my grief?"

While those survive among us whose brothers and sons, whose fathers and husbands, met duty and kept faith through death, this generation must not simply appreciate their work and treasure their memory in the quiet of home and the recess of the heart, but it must be publicly and conclusively shown that they are not forgotten, that they are the brave men and true whom the people and the nation delights still to honor. Their gift of the nation's integrity vindicated, of the nation's life preserved, a gift extended from their dying hands, may not be dismissed with an easy bow and a mere "Thank you." This generation is under an honorable and life-long obligation publicly and worthily to remember and honor the heroes who fought and died for it. I should blush for my countrymen, I should feel disgraced by myself, if, in the very day of their doing, the deeds and the deaths could sink into oblivion.

Those realizing most the momentous issues at stake, and appreciating at their full value the imminent perils of the issues, those who sacrificed everything valuable for the cause of country, are not the ones who would have the day forgotten or unobserved.

There remains another reason to be mentioned, to my mind the most important, why we should continue and encourage the observance of just such a celebration as Decoration Day. Not merely that those who have made the sacrifices and who survive may justly expect it of us, not chiefly because we wish to perpetuate the names and deeds of slain men,—though this is a sacred duty,—but because we wish to honor and crown with flowers living virtues. The men are gone whose graves are strewn with flowers. We do not expect to revive them, and we are not aware that they take any delight in what is going on. The survivors cannot long survive. In the ordinary course of nature a few years will remove them utterly; but the

qualities which they exhibited, the virtues they possessed, must remain and be cultivated, if life is to be worth the living, and the nation is to be worth the having. The virtues essential to good soldiership are absolutely necessary for the stability of society and the permanence of a nation. Courage, devotion and sacrifice are the triplet of virtues which we honor and would immortalize in the memory of those who wore them through hard and perilous service even unto death. Could you select one grave from among the many, and prove to the conviction of all beyond shadow of doubt or possibility of charitable denial, that this man enlisted merely for money, his soul was never stirred with one poor patriotic motive; he sought only his own gain, was always bold as a lion when the enemy was distant, and suddenly grew meek as a lamb upon their approach; he was a thorough coward, mean and low in all his aims and acts; a man given over to selfishness, who would as readily have enlisted upon the Rebel as the National side, had it served his mercenary purpose as well,—I declare that if you were to know of such a man, and if the public were to be fully persuaded in your conviction, then, even upon that day of universal good feeling and indulgent charity, neither your hand nor mine nor any one's would be stretched forth to plant a flag or to place a flower upon the green mound. For though the man had, as it were by a selfish accident, not by noble incident in a generous plan, fallen on the field or dropped in the camp, he was never a soldier. His body may have worn the familiar and honored blue, but there was no "true blue" about his soul. That grave would remain justly unhonored because it represented no virtue worthy our respect. Indeed, we should best respect ourselves and commend true soldiership by cultivated neglect.

Courage is more essential to the soldier than his musket. Devotion is more honorable than epaulettes, and sacrifice is more commendable than victory. Some one of these three virtues, or all three in some combination, every true soldier possessed who enlisted or was drafted into our army. Possibly they were in the minds of few in pure form. Mixed motives doubtless influenced the vast majority; but as grains of gold in the hard quartz or shining in loose gravel, these bright qualities shone out now and then in all. Very few who

served their country honorably but came through the ordeal of field and camp, health being unbroken, without being stronger men in courage, in devotion, and in sacrifice. They would dare to undertake more, they would concentrate powers with intenser purpose, they would endure and dare more to secure success, because of their rough schooling in war.

Do not understand me to imply that only those possessed of courage, devotion and sacrifice to a pre-eminent degree should receive our praise. All who felt them in the slightest degree and followed their lead, though but a few faltering footsteps, should receive the reward and esteem of the one who is faithful in the little.

Those unnamed and unsung soldiers who were given over to indiscriminate and undistinguishable burial because death had reaped such a harvest and the survivors were so few; those whom we knew to have been quite ordinary men at home, yet who became heroes at the call of the country; those who, though at first enlisting because of the small wages, yet afterward felt the martial flame burn within, and were engaged, heart and soul, in the success of the good cause and the triumph of the only true flag,—those shall have their meed of commendation; for in them these qualities of courage, devotion and sacrifice were kindled and glowed or shot forth in kind, strong deed, in patient endurance, and in service to the death. We can demand no stronger proof of sincerity and devotion than the consistent life and the death.

We have often thanked God that the war is over, that the wounds and devastations are healing and repairing, and that once more we are beginning to move on through that stately course marked out by Providence for a great and free people. That particular war of the rebellion has passed. Never in our generation, or during the next, or the many generations to follow, do I believe that the appeal will again be made to the stern arbitrament of arms. But war itself is not over in our land. It exists to-day in other forms, and will not cease to exist. War is waged every day right in our city streets,—not by the rude process of barricade and artillery. War is waging this hour in the heart of well-nigh every man. The man is to be pitied who is not at war, and who does not feel himself a warrior. We think as little of such men now, as

we did in the war-days of sneaking copperhead and cowardly home-guard. If there is no wrong in society which duty does not call upon us to attack; if there is no right whose voice we do not heed to defend; if there is no wrong in ourselves that we are resolved to assault, and conquer, and expel; if there is no right in ourselves which we are resolved at all hazards and at any cost to fortify and secure in complete possession,—then we lack some one of the three essential virtues of courage, devotion, or sacrifice. Which? It would not be pleasant to have one's courage impugned, for that implies the despicable charge of cowardice. It would seem to me that even a coward would be able to "spunk up" for a short minute under this charge. Nor would one welcome the questioning of his devotion, that is, his lack of appreciating anything as of sufficient value to induce him to concentrate what manhood is within him for securing it; that is, of devoting himself to it. Scattered powers of mind and heart can win no victory, any more than can the scattered forces of an army. We care but little less to have our devotion or earnestness doubted, than to have our courage questioned. How is it, then, with sacrifice? We surely would regard it as no compliment were it said of us "he knows what is right, he has the courage to undertake it, and could concentrate his powers and win success, but he is unwilling to make the sacrifice. Though he has the means, he is unwilling to pay the price for the best, but contents himself with an inferior article. His ring might be of gold, he contents himself with brass. Had he wished and worked he might have been strong as rock; he is weak as water. His armor might have been proof against all weapons, and himself the successful champion upon the field of life. But though he had the price, he would not pay it. Present ease he would not resign for future good. He slept in his tent when he should have been active in the field. He deserted his post because it was hard when that post was the step to advancement and honor, to a useful life and an honored end."

We may never have thought of it, but it is none the less true that the one who fought the very hardest battle on this earth, and who inaugurated and commands the longest campaign, has never been classed among soldiers. He has been called "The Great Captain of our Salvation," and those following his command have been urged to

be good soldiers and to endure hardness. Usually, however, the God-man Christ Jesus is thought and spoken of as the Prince of Peace. All meek, loving and gentle attributes have been ascribed peculiarly to him. He has been taught as exemplifying particularly the so-called passive virtues—such as patience, meekness, forbearance, self-restraint and the like. Possibly in our emphasis of these passive and milder virtues, which Jesus Christ undoubtedly possessed pre-eminently, we have not given sufficient heed to the strong and vigorous, the courage, devotion and sacrifice, the daring, the manliness of Jesus Christ. He is not merely the model man for pious people at church, but the model man for brave men in the field. He is not merely the leader of women and children, of feeble-minded and weak-kneed men, but the commander of fearless, lion-hearted, iron-willed men. The *Dove* indeed rests upon him, and he is spoken of as the *Lamb;* but he is also the Lion of the tribe of Judah. He is Christ the prophet; but also Christ the king.

You may think of him as one who "gave his cheek to the smiter" and bade his disciples turn the left cheek to the one who had just smitten the right, not because less courage was required to be struck twice than to strike back, but many fold more courage.

Single-handed and alone he confronted the powers of a whole nation. Single-handed and alone he fearlessly, faithfully, and to the death, testified to the truth; knowing his hour of darkness before it came, and having counted the whole bitter cost, unflinchingly he went on to the end. Through his power of sublime self-command he vanquished his conquerors and achieved the victory.

"Behold," declared this Christ, called the Prince of Peace,—"behold I come not to send peace on the earth, but a sword." That sword of the Son of God is extended to every man. Its hilt is offered your hand. It may be taken, and soldierly work done in the world. The point and edge are turned against the false, the debasing, the sinful. What can hurt men,—defacing God's image within them,—blotting out the handwriting of a nobler manhood and of a higher destiny, is the enemy of this sword. Against individual, social, political, against all wrong, this sword of the Son of God is an enemy. A man must often turn it against himself to strike at the evil within. Its gleaming stroke, like the lightning's flash, leaves the air purer; and he

who wars with it has the true Excalibar that cuts through the hard and the soft, the thick and the thin, with unbroken point and unturned edge, clearing its course to triumphant issue. He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. The armies of invisible moral forces are always marshaled in battle array. Peace is impossible between them. A truce cannot last an hour. The good, the generous, the manly, the noble, the godly, must wage destructive war upon the mean, ignoble, unworthy, or be itself destroyed. Our wars between nations, when opposing armies number hundred thousands, are but petty picket-firing compared with the grandeur and momentous issues of the moral battle. Not in distant Belgium, but here, at the Waterloo of each man's soul, is to be discovered "battle's magnificently stern array." On Belgium's field the "Man of Destiny" and "The Iron Duke" met, fought, and the fate of Europe was determined for two generations. On this moral field we all are soldiers; and each, by his fighting, will determine his destiny for the many generations.

Courage, devotion, sacrifice, under the command of the Great Captain, will win the victory always,—a victory that the revolutions of states, the changing opinions of generations, and the decay of time, cannot touch or destroy, but which, gathering strength with age, and weight with motion, shall roll on its resistless, enlarging course. Grand is that battle as the movement of the spheres. They move not through their orbits with as sublime a march as do the hosts of God wheel into line at the divine command. Each true soldier of that army has courage, devotion, sacrifice. We want to enlist more with just these qualities, that the world may be made better, and heaven be brought nearer.

And so I bid the soldiers "God-speed" who decorate the graves of our brave men; and so I urge the people to respond generously, and to sympathize sincerely in the honorable tribute which we pay to this triplet of living virtues. Long may our land be blessed with men who can do brave deeds and die grandly when duty calls! And may that hour be so long in coming that it shall never, never reach our land when we can forget these deeds and neglect our heroes!

To you, gentlemen, members of the George G. Meade Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, is entrusted a peculiarly tender and sacred

duty. You have in charge the grave of that firm, brave commander, who, under God, turned back the highest wave of the rebellion, causing its angry, threatening crest to fall destructively southward instead of northward. His name will not perish soon from the grateful nation. But it is your privilege to demonstrate that that name is not forgotten, and it is the people's duty to co-operate with you in the demonstration. But, gentlemen, on the route of your march to the green mounds you decorate, you always pause before a bronze statue representing a great man at a great moment of his great life. That life was great because of its courage, that flinched not at any danger. That life was great because of its devotion, that *would* not be diverted from the business, high and holy, that it had in hand. That life was great because of the sacrifice, not by which it closed, but by which it lived and worked for the unity of the nation and the common good.

As you crown that head and strew those mounds with perishable flowers, you exalt for our esteem and imitation those living virtues which have made their names imperishable, and which may make us immortal.

Permit me to close with the sentiment—that your burdens may never grow lighter of flowers on each successive Day of Decoration, and that the virtues which the flowers set forth may lighten every other burden.

The services closed with our national hymn, "My country, 'tis of thee," led by the choir.

The members of the Post were individually introduced by the Adjutant to the pastor, who shook each Comrade by the hand, and expressed his pleasure in meeting them. The Post was then dismissed.

The Committee subsequently submitted the following report to the Post, which was accepted, and the Committee was discharged with the thanks of the Post :

Philadelphia, June 7th, 1880.

COMRADE JOS. R. C. WARD, Adjutant Geo. G. Meade Post, No. 1, Department of Pennsylvania, G. A. R.

COMRADE:—Your Committee on Divine Service respectfully submit the following report: That, having received a special invitation to attend divine service at the Central Congregational Church at Eighteenth and Green Streets, where the Pastor would preach a sermon appropriate to the occasion, your Committee accepted the invitation, and so informed the Commander, who issued General Order No. 6, notifying the Comrades, and directing them to assemble at the Post Room, for that purpose, on Sunday evening, May 23d, 1880, at 7 P. M.

The line was formed, and left the Post Room at 7.30 P. M., and proceeded up Eleventh Street to Ridge Avenue, to Green Street, to Eighteenth, to the church, where the Comrades occupied seats together in the body of the church.

Rev. James R. Danforth, pastor, preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon, and the choir sang hymns suitable to the occasion, closing with the National Hymn, "My country, 'tis of thee;" at the close of the services the Post was dismissed, and the members were individually introduced to the pastor.

Owing to the rain-storm which commenced about an hour previous to the time to assemble, and continued all the evening, but few Comrades were present, as follows: Commander Sellers, Senior Vice-Com mander Ashton, Adjutant Ward, Quartermaster Atlee, Chaplain Tibbals, Off-Guard Nelson, Past Post Commander Tyler, Comrades W. L. Atlee, Bond, Brooks, Blair, E. N. Benson, Brown, Cook, J. M. Evans, Frazer, Howser, Hoffliger, W. H. Howard, Haeseler, Johnston, Kent, Krider, McKnight, L. W. Moore, J. E. Mann, Paul, I. C. Price, Reed, Simpson, Strobel, W. R. Smith, Super, Simmons, E. Stokes, Swoyer, J. T. Stewart, W. W. Wallace, Wood, Wray, and R. J. Young. Total, 41. And Comrade W. K. Rudolph, Post 35.

Respectfully submitted in F., C. and L.,

JOS. R. C. WARD,
LOUIS E. PFEIFFER,
GEORGE W. DEVINNY,
} *Committee.*

DECORATION SERVICES

AT

LAUREL HILL CEMETERIES

AND

LINCOLN MONUMENT, FAIRMOUNT PARK,

Saturday, May 29th, 1880.

DECORATION SERVICES

AT

Laurel Hill Cemeteries

AND

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The Committee having made all the necessary arrangements, the following General Order was published:

Headquarters Geo. G. Meade Post, No. 1,
Department of Pennsylvania, G. A. R.
S. E. Cor. Eleventh and Chestnut Sts.

Philadelphia, May 18th, 1880.

General Orders
No. 7.

I. In compliance with the Rules and Regulations and General Orders No. 8, Department Headquarters, of 8th inst., this Post is detailed for Decoration duty at the North, South and Middle Laurel Hill Cemeteries, on Memorial Day, Saturday, May 29th, 1880.

II. In conformity thereto, the Post will assemble at Headquarters on the day aforesaid, at 9.30 A. M., fully equipped in the G. A. R. uniform—dark blue suit (or dark pants), white vest and gloves, black necktie, G. A. R. badge and metallic buttons, blue cap, staff pattern; and should any Comrades report after the line is formed they will be assigned to the left flank, as the formation will not be changed.

III. The command will parade as a Battalion of three companies, in sections, front of eight, officered by Senior Vice-Commander Thos. J. Ashton in command of first company, Officer of the Guard Edwin Nelson second company, Junior Vice-Commander Colin M. Beale third company.

IV. The following Comrades will report for assignment to duty: Comrades Chas. C. Knight, R. Dale Benson, John W. Ward, Jr., D. P.

Weaver, James C. Wray and Officer of Day Chas. A. Hale, to the Commander for Staff duty. They will be obeyed and respected accordingly. Comrade Henry Keen will report as Post Bugler.

V. Carriages will not be permitted in the column except by consent of the Committee of Arrangements, and then only in extreme cases.

VI. The line of march will be from Headquarters down Eleventh to Walnut, to Thirteenth, to Locust, to Broad, to Chestnut, stopping at St. George Hotel, where our guests will be received and assigned a position in line; thence down Chestnut, passing in review before the Mayor and Councils of Philadelphia in front of State House (officers only saluting), to Fifth, to Market, to Eighth, to Willow, thence by cars to Fairmount Avenue entrance to Park, proceeding to Laurel Hill by a special boat; returning same way to the Lincoln Monument in Park, where brief exercises will be held; resuming the line of march by way of Green Street to Broad, to Chestnut, to Headquarters, and there dismiss, which will be not later than 4 o'clock.

VII. At the National Memorial Service at the Academy of Music, in the evening, the command will report for duty, fully equipped, at 7.45 o'clock, prompt, in the Green Room, entrance by the door on right corridor. This duty will be of but short duration, when the Comrades can return to their seats in the auditorium.

VIII. The Commander, relying upon the fidelity of our Comrades to the noble behests of duty by parading upon this occasion to do honor to our distinguished guests, and to a faithful observance of our annual labor of love, as we scatter earth's fairest emblems upon the mounds which mark the bivouac of our Comrades, warrant him in the assurance that it will be the most complete fulfillment of our duty heretofore performed.

By order of

A. J. SELLERS, *Commander.*

JOS. R. C. WARD, *Adjutant.*

In compliance with the above order, members of the Post assembled at Headquarters and took up the line of march as stated in the order, stopping at St. George Hotel to receive our invited guests, among whom were General W. T. Sherman, Judge William N Ashman, and Comrade Silas W. Pettit, orators; Comrade H. Clay Trumbull,

chaplain; General E. M. Poe, of General Sherman's staff; and Generals Stewart L. Woodford and Thomas Kilby Smith.

The cars of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad were taken at Eighth and Willow Streets to Fairmount Park, thence by steamer Lafayette to Laurel Hill. Upon disembarking, the line was formed, and marched through the cemetery to the chapel in North Laurel Hill. The choristers of St. Mark's P. E. Church, in charge of Professor F. W. Mills, organist and choir-master, sang the following Processional Hymn, accompanied by the band:

With fond hearts full of grief and love,
Our offering we bring;
And thus to all our honor prove
For those whose acts we sing.

O Memory! Lend us now thine aid
While we their deeds recall
Who willing ready answer made,
And went to fight or fall.

They nobly fought the land to save;—
To avenge a cruel wrong;
The true, the honored, tried and brave!
Be theirs the victor's song.

This was very impressive, as with slow, solemn, solid step the veterans wound their way through that beautiful city of the dead.

Arriving at the Chapel, the invited guests were seated in the enclosure, and the Post formed around the stand, where the following services were held:

Dirge, by Ringgold Band of Reading, Pa.

The Chaplain of the Post, Comrade Halsey J. Tibbals, offered up the following prayer:

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we draw near unto thee, in the name of our Saviour and Mediator, Jesus Christ, humbly and earnestly imploring that thy richest blessings may rest upon our beloved land and these people assembled here. O God, thou doest according to thy will in heaven and among men; our hearts would go out unto thee in this solemn hour in gratitude and adoration that it hath pleased thee to raise up this great nation, and that thou hast spared it through many and sore trials, until now its future promises glorious victories in the interest of liberty and humanity, so that the coming years shall unfold to the world the glory of thy loving-kindness and tender mercies. Blessed Saviour, we humbly bow before thee this day with hearts burdened with grief as we mourn the loss of our fallen comrades. Bless now, we beseech thee, these offices of lov-

ing tenderness that we so gladly perform; grant that as we scatter these beautiful garlands of roses upon the last resting-place of our noble dead, that we may resolve anew to keep sacred in our hearts the memories of those who yielded up their lives that their country might live. May their willing sacrifice not have been in vain. Most merciful and ever-blessed Son of God, look in mercy, we entreat thee, upon the bereaved ones; grant unto them that joy and consolation that thou alone canst give. Bless all those who to-day are suffering from disease or wounds; be thou their support and strength in every time of need. Impress upon our hearts, O God, the solemn lesson of this hour; may each one of us so improve its teachings that when we shall be called from our earthly march we may gain an abundant entrance into heaven. We ask it all in our Redeemer's name. Amen.

Hon. William N. Ashman, Judge of the Orphans' Court, delivered the following oration, which was listened to with rapt attention:

The ceremonies of to-day are not intended as an empty pageant. You are not here, either as actors or spectators, in a drama whose highest object is to awaken a temporary spirit of enthusiasm. These men, these banners, this music, are all parts of a terrible story of real life. Men see in the array with which their eyes have been this day gladdened, beautiful in its symmetry and imposing in its numbers, the mechanism whose theatre of action was the battle-field, and under whose powerful blows disunion and treason went down together. So we have looked upon the ship lying at her moorings in the quiet waters of the harbor. It was not the tall masts, nor the graceful spars, nor the sweeping lines of the hull, indicative at once of strength and beauty, though these were all present, which compelled our admiration; it was the thought that out in the darkness of night and the fury of tempest that ship had parted the billows, and brought her freight of life and riches safely to the desired haven.

The reflection which to my mind ennobles this occasion is that the actors in it are a part of history. It is literally true that you have made history. Who that has read past annals has not longed at times to lift

the curtain and catch a glimpse of the warriors who followed the fortunes of Cæsar? Who that has visited the Hotel des Invalides, at Paris, has not looked with a sort of awe upon the two or three surviving soldiers of Napoleon? We forget the humbleness of their rank; we do not learn even their names; but we remember that they and such as they were actors in the strange drama whose central figure was that wonderful man. I scarcely realize, because these faces are familiar ones, that there are around me men, my own countrymen and friends, who served with a nobler purpose in a grander cause. I scarcely appreciate the fact, only because it is a fact of to-day, that in the vastness of its territory, in the size of its armies, in the destructiveness of its appliances, above all, in the momentousness of its interests, the conflict from which you have emerged eclipsed the campaigns of Cæsar and Napoleon, almost as completely as the living soldier of the tent and field eclipses the painted imitation of the stage. Take away from the characters of those two men the element of a most ignoble and absorbing selfishness, and find for me, if you can, the motive or the motives which were strong enough otherwise to incite their possessors to the deeds whose performance gave them their places in history. The world may compare, if it chooses, the work which you have done in rebuilding a government, with the gift by Napoleon of thrones which he had stolen, only that they might be retaken by their owners, and you need not blush for the result of the contrast.

Another thought hallows this ceremony. It is that you have not forgotten the comrades who shared your toils, but who did not live to share your triumphs. The sharp grief which waited upon their departure has been assuaged, and has been followed by a better and profounder feeling. You have learned to think of them as with the old familiar features, yet as swayed by subtler sympathies and developing larger activities. It is well for you each year to muster here, and to repeat, if only in memory, the old roll-call. Let me tell you that your dead companions have achieved a work which many a poet and many a statesman and many a philosopher has attempted in vain. It is their glory that their lives were finished lives. Men may cavil as they will about the measure of the duty which they owe to their fellows or to the state; of no man can more be asked than that he shall give up

his life in behalf of others. Yet that was the sacrifice which these heroes, over the dust of some of whom we stand, cheerfully rendered. It is something in proof of the nobility of our common humanity, nay, it is the best omen for the future of America, that, in an age of money-getting and of political debasement, men could be found willing to lay home and life as gifts upon the altar of duty. Here or elsewhere their offerings shall be accepted and rewarded. Heroes like these need no sculptor's skill, no poet's song, no painter's pencil, to commemorate their virtues, for the history of their lives is written deep in the hearts of men. Parents will tell the story of their grand achievements to listening children, centuries after the names of the noisiest statesmen shall have been forgotten. You may be poor, and unknown and unbefriended, but to have labored and suffered in a cause with them is not to have lived in vain.

But this gathering has another and deeper significance. You have not turned away from the tide of active life and sought this city of the silent only to revivify old memories; let us hope rather that you have also come to gather an inspiration which shall make your own memories precious. Let this day of commemoration be with you as well a day of high resolve. Determine this hour that the virtues which made you triumphant in the field shall be the virtues which will distinguish you in civil life. Obedience, self-devotion, truth,—these are the sovereign qualities of the soldier, as, alas! too often they are not of the citizen. Never before was there greater need of the exercise of these attributes in the public and private affairs of our people than there is to day. The student of Gibbon's matchless history must sometimes imagine that he is reading in anticipation the future chronicle of our own republic. We seem to have reached just that point at which the Roman empire showed its first symptoms of decay. We are not lacking in material wealth nor in social culture, nor in the principles of a wise and equitable jurisprudence. We profess to be swayed by the benignant precepts of a pure religion. Yet all the force of our civilization and of our Christianity was insufficient to avert the shame of civil war. You saved us from the destruction which it menaced; but it is a solemn truth which ought not to be forgotten, that if the patriotism of our legislature had equaled the patriotism of our armies, the rebellion

would never have happened. I speak of no section and of no party when I say that I, for one, do not believe in a statesmanship which rectifies its errors by the blood of thousands of its citizens. What sane man will have the hardihood to maintain that if obedience to established law, if self-devotion which made no pauses in its sacrifice, if truth which scorned the chicanery of politics, had animated the statesmen of the North and the statesmen of the South, you would be now standing around the buried victims of an unnatural conflict? In God's name, do not let the errors of the past be repeated in the future. Command of your rulers what the people commanded of you,—obedience, self-devotion, truthfulness. Do not allow the hucksters of politics to ply their miserable trade in the halls of legislation. Remember that the office of senator or representative is too large to be filled by a small man. See to it that none but a pure man sits in the chair which was once filled by Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. You and I have embarked our common fortunes and our common hopes in the grand old ship of state to which our fathers trusted, and which has borne us so long and so well. Do not this day permit that ship to be manned by land sharks and officered by pirates. Don't let these men hoist the black flag of sectionalism where once floated the flag of the Union. Thank God there is in the nation enough of the wisdom which is born of honesty, to save that craft from shipwreck. The heart of our people beats now, as it always did, true to the right. And it calls on you, as it does to no others, to be true to your soldierly instincts. Go forth from this sacred place resolved that with the blessing of divine Providence you will banish fraud and corruption from our high places. It is not true that the blood which was poured out on fields like Gettysburg was shed in vain. Out of the smoke of battle I see some traces of the blue sky which harbingers the coming of a better day.

> "When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
> But, smit with freer light shall slowly melt
> In many streams to fatten lower lands,
> And light shall spread, and man be liker man
> Through all the seasons of the golden year."

Let me ask in conclusion, Is there a man, in all your number, who would plead his weakness or his obscurity as a bar to the performance of this duty? I will answer the cavil by a single illustration. Travelers

tell us that down in the Southern seas vast coral reefs are slowly rising from beneath the waves. A few cycles of years shall pass, and those reefs will become a continent, upon which soil will form and trees will grow. By and by the hand of civilization will be attracted to the spot, and perhaps the cities of a new nationality will be founded on sites now covered by the sea. When the historian comes to write the history of that people; when he tells of the wealth of its commerce, of the wonders of its arts, of its glorious achievements by land and sea,—he will not do full justice to his theme if he fails to tell that this triumph of man was built upon the labors of an insect. And so when some future historian shall write the story of America; when he shall tell how from the chaos of intestine strife her institutions rose in newer and prouder proportions; when down the path of the ages he shall assign to her the leadership of the nations,—he will fail of his highest purpose if he shall omit to tell that the artificers of this new creation were the men who, in an age of political skepticism carried the honor of the soldier into the councils of civil life, and elevated the soul of the nation whose fortunes they had saved.

The Choristers sang the following Anthem, dedicated to the Grand Army of the Republic by Colonel C. H. Clarke.

Blest be the ground where our braves are at rest,
Honored each shrine where our martyrs repose.
On through the ages to come shall be blest
Those who defended our land from its foes:
Guarded our land from its traitorous foes,
Comrades, advance from the East and the West,
Scatter fresh garlands where martyrs repose,
Plant the old flag where our braves are at rest!

Bless thou our nation, thou God of the free,
Vouchsafe that liberty our fathers gave;
Guard thou our country from sea unto sea,
Soil which our heroes long struggled to save.
Land of our sires and redeemed by the brave,
Comrades, this trust keep for millions to be.
Ages to come will remember each grave,
Cost of our nation so dear, yet so free.

Commander A. J. SELLERS delivered the following address:

COMRADES AND FRIENDS: We are now about to decorate with flowers, and honor with fitting ceremonies, the graves of comrades who are buried here, who served with us in defense of our country during its terrible trial. We meet for no empty show or useless parade, but to testify from full and overflowing hearts that the remembrance of their sacrifices has not grown dim with passing years.

Standing by their resting-places with bowed heads, we can recall the unselfish devotion of the men who fell that liberty might live, and that the Government, bequeathed as a heritage by our patriot fathers, might not perish from the earth.

We are not here to glory in the victories of the past, nor to stir up the hot blood by the recital of our comrade's valor. We have buried the animosities and hate engendered by the war; and we desire rather to forget all, save the good in the past, whilst we renew our inflexible purpose to maintain the Government, saved by the devotion of our comrades.

Here is the fitting place to call to mind the men who with us stood guard over the nation; to think of the charge some comrade died repelling, some terrible leaden shower that smote him by our side, some prison pen, where, dying, he still prayed for God's fair land; and to show that the love of Union and liberty was not laid aside when the battle-flags were furled, and the sword laid by to rest.

As, then, we scatter earth's fairest emblems, life's fitting symbol, upon our comrades' graves, as stalwart men, and gentle women and little children bedeck the soldiers' graves with flowers, and bedew them with tears, the world shall know that the humblest of our slain comrades has a crown of remembrance brighter and more enduring than the diadem of kings.

We linger over these green hillocks, every one of which speaks of a nation's life and a nation's glory. We are thrilled with a holy patriotism when we contemplate the sacrifices of those who died for freedom's holy cause.

The woven garland of the "Roll of Honor," which hangs so gracefully upon the neck of the Republic in her rejuvenated grandeur, the joy of future generations, the inspiration of hope and shelter for the

oppressed of all climes, reiterates the meed of praise "honor to whom honor is due," far beyond our songs, our services in scattered blossoms or in uttered praises. They lived—they died martyrs to the cause of liberty, union, and national life; they took the chalice, and, without fear, pressed it to their lips; they took the bitter draught though next, their noble forms pressed mother earth, moistened with the heart's best blood. Scatter then these fragrant flowers, the gift of the widow, the mother, the sister, the brother, the friend, the loving, and the loved, and let us do it as the simple and visible sign of a soldier's affection, and as the expression of the reverence and gratitude of a liberty-loving people, as reverently we stand beside the graves of the defenders of the Republic. Comrades, with a soldier's heart, a soldier's impulses, I speak, we have stood firm thus far, let us in the name of all we hold dear to national honor, the rights of freemen, gratitude to the dead, justice to the living, "keep step" to the music of our watchwords "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty."

The Post was then sent in details to North, Middle, and South Laurel Hill cemeteries, and decorated with flowers the graves of all soldiers and sailors, planting on each grave a neatly arranged bouquet of flowers, a staff containing a small national flag on which was printed "Meade Post No. 1, 1880,"—suspended on staff above flag was a wreath of laurel twelve inches in diameter; that no final resting-place of any of our deceased Comrades should be neglected, carefully prepared maps of the different sections of each cemetery were furnished each detail, and the following notice printed on the programme:

"Relatives and friends of any deceased Soldier or Sailor, who may be buried in either of these cemeteries, are earnestly requested to assist the Comrades in this their labor of love by pointing out the graves, that none may be neglected."

As soon as the labor of love was completed, the Post reassembled at the call of the bugle at the Chapel, and marched to the grave of General George G. Meade, where the following programme was carried out:

Music by the band.

Address of the Chairman of the Committee, Comrade WILLIAM J. SIMPSON:

COMRADES AND FRIENDS:—Cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes, we have met here to-day to pay a loving tribute to their memory. Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their death the tattoo of rebellion's tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the going and coming of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic.

Let us then, at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest of flowers of springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon the nation's gratitude,—the soldiers' and sailors' widows and orphans.

If other eyes grow dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it warm as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us.

I have the pleasure to introduce Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, Past Post Chaplain, who will lead us in prayer.

Comrade TRUMBULL advanced to the side of General Meade's grave, and offered the following prayer:

Our Father, as we stand together here in thy presence, amid the graves of those who died for us, we give thee thanks for the memory of those whom we now bear lovingly in mind; and we ask that thou, by the Spirit, wilt impress upon our hearts the lessons which thou wouldst have us to learn from these graves, from this day, from this gathering, and from the sacred services conducted here in thy name.

Make us mindful of our privileges in this land of civil liberty and of gospel light; and of all their cost to us, and to those who went before us, or who were with us in the days of the nation's life struggle.

We thank thee, O God, for the memory of him at whose grave we stand together now, in renewal of our pledge of fidelity to the principles in behalf of which he and we were first called into holy companionship and mutual burden-bearing and duty-doing. We rejoice in the recollection of the honored part he was privileged to bear in thy gracious purposes for the preservation of our country in its peril; and of the success which thou didst give to him in the discharge of his responsibilities as a soldier and as a commander. We ask that we may profit by the example of all that was noble and courageous and unselfish and patriotic in his character and conduct; and that we may love and serve our country with all the devotion manifested by him in the hour of our country's need.

May thy special blessing rest on those who were peculiarly near and dear to him; and who peculiarly miss and mourn him now. May they have that peace in their hearts which thou dost give to those who are dear to thy Son our Lord—that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. And so may thy blessing be on the loved ones of all those whom we mourn together here.

Bless our loved country. Bless all who are in and of it. Bless those who have authority and those who are under authority in this land. Bless us as a people, and grant that a desire to serve and honor thee may prevail above every other desire in the hearts of all who are citizens or dwellers in the domain of our blood-bought nationality.

And may we, and all those for whom we pray, live continually as those who seek a better country, that is an heavenly, through following in the steps and trusting in the merits of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Comrade Simpson introduced GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN, general of the army of the United States, who addressed those present as follows:

COMRADES AND FRIENDS:—Assembled as we are to-day, in this most beautiful of all ceremonies, decorating the graves of fallen comrades with fresh flowers, tokens of undying love, and standing by the grave of General George Gordon Meade, my individual thoughts naturally revert to that period of his life, "when wild war's deadly blast was blown, and gentle peace retiring," he came to live in your midst, a citizen and a commissioner of your beautiful park, of which this cemetery forms a part. Many a time he drove me about this park, and up the lovely Wissahickon; and I am sure that, had he chosen the place for his eternal rest, it would have been at this very spot, overlooking the Schuylkill, and near those he loved so well. He now sleeps well, and loving hearts come annually to pay tribute to his memory. He was a glorious soldier, a gallant gentleman, a loving father, a faithful friend, and a patriotic citizen. His grave is a fitting shrine for us all, old and young, to come to annually, not to add to his fame and glory, but to dedicate anew what is left to us of life to the service of our common country.

Trained as a soldier, his temperament was too active for the duties of a subaltern; and he was engaged the greater part of his life in engineering, and in surveying our coast from Florida to the Great Lakes of the North, with which his name will long be associated. But the moment the country was aroused by the first shot of the civil war, he sprang to arms, knowing that war, and war alone, could determine such a controversy. Beginning with a regiment he soon had a brigade, a division; and at the very crisis of the war he was a corps commander, and on the eve of one of the greatest battles of the world, was ordered to command in chief the vast Army of the Potomac, then in motion to defend the State of Pennsylvania against an army, ably commanded, and moved by the powerful impulse of success. With the battle of Gettysburg Meade's name and fame will ever be associated; and his victory on that field alone entitles his name to be enrolled in the list of the great generals of the world. But here on this lovely spot, in this bright sunshine, we naturally turn from the hero to contemplate the virtues of the man. General Meade was essentially a man of a social nature, kind, generous and manly, doing that which he was appointed to do thoroughly and well, and ever returning to his family and circle

of friends to share the simpler and finer joys of life. Though he was comparatively young, and his death sudden and unexpected, yet he had accomplished all that man should expect on this earth, and bequeathed to his family a rich legacy in public fame, in private virtue, and in the abundance of affection by friends and neighbors.

As, year after year, crowds gather round this sacred spot, they will be reminded that although the frail tenement which encloses a life is mortal, that human virtue, that courage, and ability to do life's work firmly and well, are more enduring than marble or bronze. We now lay our floral tribute upon the grave of our friend and comrade, George Gordon Meade, and leave to your honored fraternity the completion of the beautiful ceremony of the day.

General Sherman then placed upon General Meade's grave a large and beautiful floral design presented to him on his way to the cemetery by a pretty little three-year-old girl, who was lifted up to the carriage window that she might see the great soldier. The General took her in his arms and kissed her for her tribute.

The grave of General Meade was then appropriately decorated by the following impressive service :

Comrade J. William Hofman, taking a wreath of beautiful flowers placed it upon the grave, saying :

In memory of the honored and heroic dead, whose remains here find shelter and repose, I deposit these flowers, thinking not of the creed or color, politics, nationality or rank of the comrade sleeping below, knowing only he was a patriot who bravely served where duty called. May the lesson of purity which these flowers symbolize rest in our hearts, and incite in us feelings of patriotism which our comrade showed in life and exemplified in death.

Junior Vice-Commander Colin M. Beale, taking a bouquet of flowers, and placing it upon the grave, said :

In honor of our comrades slain in Freedom's battle, yielding up their lives in prison pens, dying in hospitals from wounds or disease, who now sleep in graves far away and unknown, I place these flowers

upon this grave. These beautiful flowers will fade, this green mound will be leveled with the plain, but the historic streams by which our comrades fought will be dry, and the battle mountains where they bled will be washed to the sea, ere the story of their valor dies out, or the result of their heroism ceases to affect mankind.

Senior Vice-Commander THOMAS J. ASHTON, taking a wreath of laurel, placed it upon the grave, and said:

Death comes to all of us; none shall evade its relentless mandate. The highest potentate and the humblest toiler must at last take their places in the bosom of the earth, and it becomes us all to be ready for the messenger whose summons we must obey.

Our comrades, whose graves are scattered all over the land, wherever our armies marched or fought—who calmly sleep beneath the waters until the seas give up their dead, or in the quiet hamlet where the sound of the battle-call was never heard—died in the performance of the noblest of duties, the defense of their country, and the upholding of its starry banner.

As the grass will spring anew from the storms of the winter, as other flowers will come forth to take the place of these so soon to fade, so be it ours, for ourselves and our generations, to keep bright, with each succeeding year, the memories of our fallen comrades.

Chaplain HALSEY J. TIBBALS advanced with a large, beautiful bouquet of white flowers, and said:

Out of his infinite mercy, the Father, without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls to the ground, has been pleased to remove from us our comrades. May the example of their actions and the lesson of their sacrifice remain with us, and constantly teach us that next to the duty we owe to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, unselfish patriotism and manly devotion to the country which shields and protects us, are the highest attributes and surest signs of that true nobility which raises men to be a little lower than the angels, and binds upon the brow the ineffaceable mark of the hero. May wisdom from on high shine into the hearts of our rulers, and so direct all their actions that the voice of the people may honor them, as to-day it honors the lowly beds of the

country's defenders; and from this silent city of the dead may we carry to our homes, and prove by our actions, the determination to be true to the charges left upon the nation's gratitude, "to care for him who has borne the battle," and for the widow and orphan of him who has fallen. In remembrance, then, of the holy cause for which our comrades gave the full measure of their devotion, I now place these white flowers upon this grave.

The following anthem was sung by the Choristers:

Farewell! Thy earthly toil is o'er!
Sorrow and trial thine no more:
Rest till the last trump calls the blest
To blissful peace!
Fare thee well! Farewell!

Farewell, dear comrades! Now we part;
Tranquil may thy memory be:
Sweet the repose within the grave.
Peace, peace to thee!
Fare thee well! Farewell!

Bugle-call Rest was sounded by Post Bugler Henry Keen.

The line was re-formed, and the Post marched back to the boat, the Choristers, accompanied by the band, singing the following Recessional:

Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise,
With one accord, our parting hymn of praise.
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light,
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

Arriving at the boat landing, the steamer Lafayette was again taken, and steamed slowly down the river, while the members partook of a lunch prepared by the Committee.

SERVICES AT LINCOLN MONUMENT.

At Fairmount Park, the Post disembarked and marched to Lincoln Monument, forming in a hollow square around it. The following services were then carried out:

A dirge by the band.

Comrade Simpson then introduced Comrade SILAS W. PETTIT, who delivered the following address:

COMRADES: It is a fitting conclusion to our labor of love to-day, that, having strewn the sweet flowers of remembrance over the graves of our fallen comrades, and honored the last resting-place of our own heroic Meade, we should halt now to pay our tribute of respect to him who was greatest of them all, the Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, Abraham Lincoln—he in whom gentleness and strength were so mingled and combined that, when he fell, all the world knew we had lost a perfect man.

I know not in what words to speak of him; I can think of no panegyric to fittingly describe him. I believe that the highest because the truest eulogy that may be said of him is simply to say who he was and what he did.

He was a man of the people; comparatively an obscure man, born and bred in a new country, and living out of the great highways of the world. A man of reflection rather than of study; a man who had thought more than he had read, and who had studied men rather than books.

Such a man he was, and this he did:—

He stepped from the obscure desk of a country lawyer into the blaze of light that surrounds the chair of the ruler of a great people; he laid down the petty briefs of his clients, to become the law-maker of a nation, the commander-in-chief over a million soldiers, the chief executive of a mighty empire.

He so led a people unused to war, and altogether unprepared for it, that they raised and equipped a vast navy, and yet greater armies, that in four years they subdued the greatest rebellion the world had ever

seen, and conquered a territory greater than had ever been conquered since the days of authentic history.

He so filled the measure of his country's need, that his name will be ever treasured while and where Freedom lives, and his memory outlast the bronze of this monument in which we vainly seek to perpetuate it.

And now, as we stand here to-day in the shadow of his presence, and look back twenty years ago when first we knew of him as one possibly to be called to rule over us; when we remember how little we knew of him then, with what doubt and fear of the future we saw him assume the obligations of his high office and take the reins of government; when we remember what he was then, and look down the past and see how wisely he led us through dark days and disasters, until at last the victory was achieved,—we believe, nay, we know, that, like David of old, Abraham Lincoln was called of God to be the ruler over his nation, and that it was because his work was done, his high mission finished, that it was permitted he should die and have rest.

And we who stand here to-day, comrades of the Grand Army and friends, have a duty to fulfill that his life and services, his work and martyrdom, impress upon us.

Abraham Lincoln lived and served and died that that constitutional liberty which was founded in the blood of our fathers, and has been consecrated anew in the blood of those comrades whose graves we have this day honored, should be perpetuated; that this government of the people, by the people and for the people, according to the forms prescribed by the constitution and laws, should not perish, but be forever maintained intact and inviolate as we have inherited it.

Human institutions constantly change with time; the dangers of the present are not the dangers of the past; but we, soldiers of the Grand Army, owe it to our fathers from whom we received it, our comrades who died for it, and to our own sacred oaths to our Order, that each of us, each for himself according to his own light and opportunity, and to the utmost of his power and influence, shall see to it that this government of a free people according to the institutions and laws freely adopted shall forever be maintained united and inviolate against all foes, foreign and domestic, sectional or factional.

The anthem Farewell was sung by the Choristers.

Bugle-call Rest was again sounded by Post Bugler Keen.

The Post marched to Green Street, to Sixteenth, to Fairmount Avenue, and countermarched to Green, paying a tribute of a marching salute to Comrade Robert H. Ford, of the Post, confined to his house with paralysis. It then returned to Headquarters *via* Green, Broad and Chestnut Streets.

The following is the report of the Adjutant of Parade of the Post on Memorial Day, submitted to the Commander:

Philadelphia, June 7, 1880.

COMRADE A. J. SELLERS,

Commander of Geo. G. Meade Post, No. 1,

Department of Pennsylvania, G. A. R.

COMRADE:—

I have the honor to submit the following report of the parade of this Post on Memorial Day, Saturday, May 29, 1880: Pursuant to General Orders No. 7 and 8 from these Headquarters, the Comrades assembled at the Post rooms, in full Grand Army uniform, on Saturday, May 29, 1880, at 9 A.M.; the line was formed at 9.45 A.M., in three companies; Senior Vice-Commander Thomas J. Ashton commanding the first company, assisted by Comrades C. E. Beale and W. Russell Smith; Officer of the Guard Edwin Nelson commanding the second company, assisted by Comrades P. H. Jacobus and John D. Kise; and Junior Vice-Commander Colin M. Beale commanding the third company, assisted by Comrades John A. Stevenson and John T. Durang. Comrades David P. Weaver, John W. Ward, Jr., and Jas. C. Wray were detailed to assist the Commander, Comrade Henry Keen as Post bugler, and Comrade Jacob K. Swoyer to carry Post flag.

Left Headquarters at 10 o'clock, and proceeded down Eleventh to Walnut, to Thirteenth, to Locust, to Broad, to Chestnut, stopping at St. George's Hotel to receive our guests, among whom were Hon. Wm. N. Ashman, Gen. W. T. Sherman, and Comrade Silas W. Pettit, orators; Comrade H. Clay Trumbull, chaplain; and Generals E. M. Poe, Stewart L. Woodford and Thomas Kilby Smith, guests; continuing down Chestnut to Fifth, to Market, to Eighth, to Willow, where we took the cars of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad to Fairmount Park.

The formation of the line being as follows:

Detachment of Reserve Officers, Lieutenant Crout commanding;
Committee on Decoration Day; Comrade Wm. J. Simpson, Chairman;
Ringgold Band, of Reading, Pa. (26 pieces);
Post Flag, Post Bugler;
Commander and Adjutant;
Officers of the Post and Past Post-Commanders;
Post,
Marching in sections of eights, divided into three companies, officered as above stated, the centre company carrying the colors of the late
Twenty-eighth, Fifty-sixth, and Ninety-fifth Regiments
Pennsylvania Volunteers,
Brigade Headquarters flags of the
First Brigade, First Division, First Corps;
Third Brigade, Third Division, Fifth Corps; and
Third Brigade, Second Division, Fifth Corps;
And the regimental guidons of the Fifty-sixth Regiment
Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Following the Post was a large express-wagon, drawn by four large gray horses (kindly loaned by the Philadelphia and Reading Express Company), containing a large monument of natural flowers, surmounted by a large eagle of immortelles, the base and column of the monument made up of two hundred and fifty bouquets,—the whole being about eleven feet high.

Then followed carriages containing orators, invited guests, reporters, and Comrades of the Post unable to march.

Arriving at Fairmount Park, left the cars, and marched to the steamboat landing, and embarked on the steamer Lafayette, chartered especially for use of the Post, and proceeded to Laurel Hill; a number of the Comrades met us on the boat, together with the Choristers of the St. Mark's P. E. Church. Arriving at Laurel Hill the line was re-formed, and marched through the cemeteries to the chapel in North Laurel Hill, the choristers, led by Professor F. W. Mills, organist and choir-master, singing a processional hymn, accompanied by the band. After the services at the chapel, as per programme, the Post marched off in details and decorated all the graves of deceased soldiers and sailors of the war, buried in North, Middle, and South Laurel Hill cemeteries,

returning to General Meade's grave, where the concluding services were held; after which returned to the boat, the Choristers singing a recessional hymn. As the boat steamed slowly down the river, the members of the Post and guests partook of a lunch prepared by the committee.

Arriving at Fairmount Park the line was re-formed and marched to Lincoln Monument, forming a hollow square around it; the services, as arranged, were held; then marched through the Park to Green Street, to Sixteenth, to Fairmount Avenue, countermarching to Green Street, paying the tribute of a marching salute to Comrade Robert H. Ford, of this Post, confined to his room with paralysis; thence to Broad Street, to Chestnut, passing through the Public Buildings, to Eleventh, to Headquarters, and dismissed to re-assemble at the Academy of Music at 7.45 P.M.

The following Comrades participating:

Commander A. J. Sellers,
Senior Vice-Commander Thomas J. Ashton,
Junior Vice-Commander Colin M. Beale,

Adjutant Jos. R. C. Ward, Quartermaster Charles L. Atlee,
Chaplain Halsey J. Tibbals, Officer of the Day Charles A. Hale,
Officer of the Guard Edwin Nelson, Sergeant-Major James T. Stewart,
Quartermaster-Sergeant L. E. Pfeiffer.

Past Post-Commanders George W. Devinny, R. W. P. Allen and L. D. C. Tyler.

Comrades Atkinson, S. W. Arbuckle, Appel, Allman, W. L. Atlee, C. E. Beale, Bond, Blair, Colbourn, Cook, W. G. Cooper, Colton, Dunsford, Dobleman, J. E. Davis, Durang, Dally, Edwards, Frazier, Folger, Goodwin, Glading, Hewes, Hutchinson, Howser, Hoffliger, D. W. Howard, W. H. Howard, Hamberg, Hough, Haury, Haeseler, James, Jacobus, Kise, H. Keen, Krider, C. W. Keen, Leidig, Munder, Macferran, Moran, McKnight, Marquet, L. W. Moore, Mitchell, J. E Mann, Pettit, Paul, Prior, Perkins, Pauley, Rorer, Reed, Runkle, Simpson, Strobel, Sweisfort, W. R. Smith, Super, J. Scott, Shurtz, Simmons, J. A. Stevenson, R. Stewart, E. Stokes, Swoyer, Shantz, G. Stevenson, J. F. Stokes, Trumbull, Vodges, W. H. H. Wallace, Wheeler, White, W. W. Wallace, Weaver, J. W. Ward, Whitaker, Wolfe, Wilson, Wray, R. J. Young and Yoder. Total, 97.

Met the Post *en route* and at cemetery, not uniformed:

Comrades E. N. Benson, P. H. Barnes, H. A. B. Brown, F. C. Benson, J. P. Elliot, S. B. Huey, J. William Hofman, H. Levi and J. A. Laws. Total, 9.

On duty receiving guests:

Comrades H. L. Lansing, chairman; H. H. Bingham, R. Dale Benson, P. D. Keyser, C. C. Knight, B. W. Richards, and James Starr. Total, 7.

Making a total number of one hundred and thirteen (113) participating with the Post during the day.

Post re-assembled at the Academy of Music at 7.45 P.M., and escorted orators and invited guests to the stage; was then dismissed.

Respectfully submitted in F., C. and L.,

JOS. R. C. WARD,

Adjutant.

MEADE MEMORIAL SERVICES

AT THE

Academy of Music,

IN AID OF THE MEADE MONUMENT,

ON

Saturday Evening, May 29th, 1880.

These services were held for the purpose of assisting in raising funds for the erection of an equestrian statue of bronze at Fairmount Park, to the memory of Major-General George Gordon Meade.

It was first the intention of this Post to erect a monument over the grave of General Meade at Laurel Hill Cemetery, and a committee was appointed for that purpose; but, ascertaining that objections were made to placing a monument in the lot in which General Meade was buried, it was decided to co-operate with the Fairmount Park Art Association (which had already subscribed $5,000, and through an Auxiliary Committtee of a hundred and twenty ladies raised $7,000 additional, and secured the passage through Congress of a bill appropriating thirty (30) condemned cannon from which to cast the statue), and, in addition, ask the aid of other Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic; accordingly, at the following semi-annual Department Encampment, a committee was appointed to bring the matter properly before the other Posts. This resulted in realizing only about $2,500 additional, including $600 contributed by this Post; and, to further increase that amount, the following services were projected, and invitations sent to the President and Cabinet, Senators and Representatives, Governors of States, Officers of the Army and Navy, and prominent officers of the late war, many of whom accepted and attended, letters of regret being received from others. (Copies of letters printed as Appendix.)

General and ex-Governor Joshua L. Chamberlain, of Maine, was selected as the orator; Governor Henry M. Hoyt, of Pennsylvania, as president; and fifty of the prominent citizens of Philadelphia as vice-presidents, as follows:

President,

GOV. and COMRADE HENRY M. HOYT.

Vice-Presidents,

Col. Thomas A. Scott,
Col. A. K. McClure,
Hon. Geo. H. Boker,
W. V. McKean,
Joel J. Baily,
Chas. J. Field,
John Welsh,
Col. A. Loudon Snowden,
Col. Jos. F. Tobias,
Samuel C. Huey,
Chas. Spencer,
Wm. M. Cramp,
Gen. Robert B. Beath,
Col. O. C. Bosbyshell,
Philip Herst,
Maj. Chas. K. Ide,
Gen. Henry H. Bingham,
A. J. Drexel,
Col. C. McMichael,
Hon. W. N. Ashman,
C. J. Hoffman,
J. B. Lippincott,
Ferd. J. Dreer,
John Baird,
Thompson Westcott,
Henry Lewis,
Lemuel Coffin,
Col. Chill W. Hazzard,
Hon. Chas. Gibbons,

Gen. Robert Patterson,
Wm. Sellers,
C. J. Harrah,
Horace C. Disston,
Henry D. Ziegler,
Bushrod W. James, M.D.,
Col. Chas. H. Banes,
Albert C. Roberts,
F. A. Hoyt,
John C. Bullitt,
James L. Claghorn,
Gen. W. W. H. Davis,
Col. Chapman Biddle,
S. A. Caldwell,
Jos. Patterson,
Edwin M. Lewis,
Edwin H. Fitler,
Conrad F. Clothier,
Thos. Hockley,
James C. Hand,
A. Nebinger, M.D.,
Strickland Kneass,
Chas. J. Cohen,
Sparta Fritz,
Col. Chas. M. Betts,
Thos. Dolan,
Gustavus S. Benson,
Col. John W. Forney,
N. Berkenstock,

Edwin N. Benson,
Rufus E. Shapley,
Hon. Chas. O'Neill,
Gen. J. F. Hartranft,
John O. James,
Chas. Santee,
John C. Yeager,
John C. File,
Casper Heft,
Mahlon K. Smith,
H. S. Frank,
Gustavus Remak,
Geo. DeB. Keim,
E. A. Rollins,
J. B. Kingsley,
Wm. Elliott,
Gen. J. Wm. Hofman,
Gen. T. Kilbey Smith,
Hon. Jas. K. Ludlow,
Hon. Daniel M. Fox,
Col. Robt. P. Dechert,
Col. M. Richards Muckle,
T. Morris Perot,
Com. P. Crosby, U. S. N.,
John Wanamaker,
Samuel B. Fales,
Thos. Clyde,
Gen. Chas. P. Herring,
James Long.

GEO. G. MEADE,
Major-General U.S.A., Army of the Potomac, died Nov. 6, 1872.

D. G. FARRAGUT,
Admiral U. S. N., died Aug. 14, 1870.

GEO. H. THOMAS,
Major-General U.S.A., Army of the Cumberland, died March 28, 1870.

GEO. A. CUSTER,
Major-General U. S. V., died June 9, 1876.

JOSEPH HOOKER,
Major-General U.S.A., Army of the Potomac, died Oct. 31, 1879.

S. P. HEINTZELMAN,
Major-General U.S.A., Army of the Potomac, died May 1, 1880.

DIED

On the Field of Honor.

PHILIP KEARNEY,
Major-General U.S.V., Sept. 1, 1862, Chantilly, Va.

J. L. RENO,
Major-General U. S. V., 3d Army Corps, Sept. 14, 1862, South Mountain, Md.

JOHN F. REYNOLDS,
Major-General U. S. V., 1st Corps, Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

JOHN SEDGWICK,
Major-General U. S. V., 6th Corps, Spottsylvania, Va., May 8, 1864.

J. B. McPHERSON,
Major-General U.S.V., Army of the Tennessee, Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864.

MEADE MEMORIAL SERVICES

AT THE

Academy of Music,

In Aid of the Meade Monument,

ON

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 29th, 1880.

The officers of the meeting, orators and speakers, and invited guests, assembled in the Green Room. The members of the Post, in full uniform, formed on the stage, which was set in a wood scene, with camp in rear, tents pitched, muskets stacked, drums, knapsacks and other paraphernalia of soldiers' life scattered loosely around, while at the front of the stage seats were arranged for officers, speakers and guests. Above the centre of the stage was suspended a large oil painting of General Meade, life-size, kindly loaned by the Union League, of Philadelphia, bearing the simple inscription, "Gettysburg."

At quarter past eight, the Ringgold Band, of Reading, Pa., struck up the grand march; the Post presented arms as the guests, headed by Hon. HENRY M. HOYT, Governor of Pennsylvania, who had been selected as the presiding officer, escorted by Comrade WILLIAM J. SIMPSON, chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, followed by PRESIDENT HAYES, SECRETARY OF WAR RAMSEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL DEVENS, Generals SHERMAN, HANCOCK, AUGER, POE, RUCKER, MACOMB, other Cabinet officers, Members of Congress, Judges of the Courts, city officials, the VICE-PRESIDENTS of the meeting selected from the prominent business men and citizens of Philadelphia, and a number of prominent officers of the late war, entered at the upper end, and passed down to the front and took seats assigned them, the audience rising, waving their handkerchiefs, and loudly applauding, as the familiar faces appeared. The Post was then dismissed, and took seats in the auditorium with their families and friends.

Comrade SIMPSON then introduced Governor Hoyt as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, COMRADES AND FRIENDS:—As Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, it becomes my pleasing duty to introduce to you, as presiding officer of this meeting, Governor Hoyt, of our own Commonwealth.

As soon as the applause had subsided, Governor HOYT said:

I will only pause to thank you for the honor and pleasure of being called to preside over these exercises. The ceremonies of the day have prepared you for what is to follow this evening.

The great catastrophe which underlies the whole occasion is so recent and was so widespread as to need no reminder. No household was so humble and poor as not to have made contributions,—often even of its first-born; no abode was so rich and splendid as to have escaped its legacy of sorrow and woe; and so to-night the most distinguished citizens of the land have come to join the people in this memorial service. Gratitude and homage to those who died for us flow as naturally from the sympathies and humanities of our fellow-citizens fitly represented in this large gathering of comely men and women, as incense and fragrance exhale from the May flowers which to-day have been strewn upon the graves of our murdered brothers.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, the programme before us is a lengthy one, and will doubtless prove an interesting one, and it will be better to proceed at once to carry it out.

Rev. H. CLAY TRUMBULL, Past Post Chaplain, then offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our heavenly Father—our Father and the God of our fathers—we lift our hearts to thee in thankfulness for all that is precious to us in memory, in possession, and in hope, at this hour.

We rejoice in what we have, by thy grace, in our favored land, with its history, its privileges, and its glorious possibilities. We rejoice that thou didst, in thy providence, gather out of other lands liberty-loving and God-fearing men and women and bring them across the ocean to these shores, here to lay the foundations of a government of the people, by the people, for the people—a government for the main-

tenance and defense of civil and religious liberty. We rejoice that when that government was imperiled thou didst arouse and inspire and strengthen its citizens for its preservation ; that thou didst make so many of them ready to die that that government might continue to live. We praise thee that, in consequence of this inspiration from thee, and by thy gracious blessing, we have to-day a united country, under one flag, and with a common destiny, and that there opens before us in the way of thy commandments the path of the just,—which, for nations as for individuals, shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

And in this holy hour, our Father in heaven, as we are gathered here in thy presence to freshen our memories of those who fell from our sides, or who were taken from above us—comrades and commanders in the war for our nation's life—we ask thee to make us duly mindful of all that we owe of love and gratitude to those who died for us. May the example of their unselfish devotedness, of their loyalty and courage, be sanctified to our ennobling, and to the ennobling of all who come after us. And may their loved ones have honor, and sympathy, and all needed aid, from those of us who are their fellow-mourners, and from all who are sharers in the benefits of a rescued and regenerated land. Make these bereaved ones the objects of thy special care. Be to them an ever present and an all-sustaining God ; and grant that they may find in thee a sufficiency in every hour of sorrow, or loneliness, or want, or temptation, or holy longing and spiritual need.

And now we implore thy special blessing, our Father, upon our preserved national government, and upon all who represent it in positions of service or honor. Bless the President of the United States, and those who counsel him or who are with him in authority. Grant that he and they may rule wisely and well, as accountable unto thee Bless our national Congress. Grant that in its deliberations and enactments there may be manifest a simple and a sincere desire to promote the interests of our entire country, and of all who dwell within our borders, and to exalt thy most excellent glory. Bless all in our land who are under authority, that they may be law-loving and law-abiding citizens, faithful, devoted and patriotic. So may we as a people be united and hearty and zealous in thy service ; and our nation be known among the nations of the earth as a people whose God is the Lord.

And unto us who are comrades in this special memorial service to-night, grant thy continued favor and protection. Enable us to be as true and faithful to our every duty as we ought to be to our country in the hour of its extremest need. May we be even more devotedly and unswervingly the followers of the blood-stained banner of the cross than we were of the flag of our country in the days of battle. May we one and all be faithful soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ, the great Captain of our salvation, to whom, with thee, our Father, and with the Holy Ghost, our Guide and Teacher, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and evermore. Amen.

Governor Hoyt introduced the orator, General JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN, ex-Governor of Maine, who delivered the following oration :

ORATION OF GOV. CHAMBERLAIN.

Comrades and Friends:—There are many thoughts worthy to be uttered at the close of a day like this. Some of them I venture to speak for you, now that we have strewn the new flowers of spring over these sacred ashes, and have gathered here, as the shades of evening thicken, that our souls may deepen into thoughtful converse with the spirits that have passed before us, and touch those chords that sweep the past and future into one harmony.

The roll-call shortens fast. The strife is long since over, but our list of casualties is not yet complete. The wounds and weakenings of the field are still wearing many away before their time. The strain of that long struggle is fast laying even our strongest low.

How fresh their graves, and how thick they lie! It seems as if the musketry and canister were cutting keen as ever. Honored and dear are they all,—they who fell beside us face to the foe, they who languished away in dreary hospitals or in the torture of prisons, and they who sink down in the after march of life. We close up our thinner ranks, holding nearer and dearer together, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart.

Thought widens, too. To us who now so often cross in spirit the broadening stream to hold converse with the great and noble who are gathering so fast on the other side, thought enlarges as the years flow on. The past, so crowded with stirring scenes and great events, narrows in the vista of our backward look; but the lives that offered themselves up stand before us even grander than we knew them. New reasons, stronger justifications, wider ranges of vision as life opens out and on, show us more and more the measure of the great work done, the worth of the sacrifices outpoured, the high meaning and reach of those toils and sufferings which have sometimes seemed almost unavailing, and cheer us with glimpses of the immortal destinies into which our poor work was builded.

Peace shows us not only what war costs, but what it is worth. Friends, we are not here to weep over graves, to submit to death, to

confess our human weakness and deplore the waste of human worth. We are here to see the triumph over death. The heavy stone set before the door of the sepulchre is rolled away with outbursting life, which blesses the earth after it has ascended into the skies. We are here to see and testify that human worth offered up with pure motive and in a great cause cannot perish from the earth—that life given for the sake of others, lives on in others in an undying course.

Many a cause is deemed worthy the offering of life. Men go bravely to death for honor's sake, for the faith of a plighted word, for obedience to law; for virtue's sake, holding inviolate the sanctity of the body or the soul; for freedom and right,—the nobility of life. Such things as these men hold dearer than life, and the names of those who make this offering the world "will not willingly let die."

But, comrades, it seems to me greatly to have distinguished and ennobled the service to which we were called, that we were fighting for nothing narrow, nothing personal; not for private rights and privileges; not for homes and sanctities threatened by an invader; not for civil rights, such as security, property, freedom, and justice before the law. We were fighting on a wider field than that,—great as that has been in history. We were fighting for a higher thought,—a thought more distant, it is true, from individual interests, but a thought God has planted deep in the hearts of men, and set in high and awful sanctity over us,—I mean the thought of Country.

The world knows us better now. Little shall we hear again of that false taunt that we were a people who could not be moved except through our selfish interests, that we were incapable of enthusiasm and devoid of the spirit of chivalry.

No! those who counted on that made a great mistake. There was no taint of self in the spirit that stirred our people, not even of those highest and dearest things of self which are called personal rights. A question was in issue before which self was dumb and dead. It concerned a thought, an idea, or, I might better say, an ideal,—that political ideal which determines the character of the American Union. The question was whether there was any such thing as the People of the United States of America. Observe, the question was not of the unqualified supremacy of the nation in all matters, but only in its own

sphere; the question was not whether the national life was everything, but whether it was anything; in short, whether we had a Country or not.

But we saw the Union scorned and defied, and taunts and jeers and deadly missiles hurled at that ideal of the People of the United States which to us was more than a name, but was a being, with a soul and a body, a life and work and destiny, a moral personality and power on the earth under which our highest worth and grandest work were to be achieved. And the duty came on us to make that ideal real by a demonstration which no man could challenge and no time efface.

We saw the old flag torn and trampled. We said we would raise it up again, single and supreme. We took the high oath that those stars should not be blotted out, nor dissevered and dispelled, that that pall of darkness should not overspread the sky; but that those lights should burn, on both ocean shores and along the great gulf and the lakes,—beacons by which the beating hearts of humanity should be lighted and learn their way!

And then came such an outpouring as the world has scarcely seen before,—money cast into the treasury by millions, and, when all was exhausted, men pledging their credit and their honor, and binding themselves to taxation in a debt it would take whole generations to pay, thousands of millions of dollars counted as dust and nothingness in comparison with that great cause; hundreds of thousands of men—the flower of our youth—renouncing their prospects and plans of life, without an instant's hesitation, pouring forth to face toils and sufferings and deaths in the field, languishing in hospitals, starving in prisons, dying by thousands and scores of thousands, and still undaunted—still pressing forward as to a festival; mothers sending their first-born and their youngest; wives holding not back the fathers of their babes; sisters and lovers loosening from their arms their life's hope and joy; and then all following with loving care, with such comforts as soldiers may have, be it but the scraped lint; and then the blessing, blessed hands could do no more, lifted up to heaven in mute agony of prayer, not,—oh, marvel of devotion!—not that they should be spared the cup of anguish, but that the Country might live—one and free!

Yes, all that costly sacrifice of toil and treasure, of brave men's blood and women's tears, rose in one great offering and prayer, like a cloud of incense, to the feet of God!

And the offering was accepted, the prayer was heard; counted worthy to have part in that great purpose and plan whereby this world shall be redeemed from evil, and God's will be done and kingdom come on earth; accepted, the costly sacrifice, because we were, and were to be, a people and a power on the earth, with a work to do for man.

I said it was a thought. It was a high and a great thought: Our Country, our whole Country—our Country first and forever!

The eminence of this idea of country appears especially in three striking ways:

First.—The supreme love for it set in the hearts of men.

Second.—The supreme law of its sovereignty over men.

Third.—The supreme sacrifice which it is the duty of men to make in its behalf.

We may well turn our thoughts towards these themes upon an occasion like this, when the question so naturally arises, Why have these men died? and what is the use of it, after all?

It must be for some very high and useful end that this sentiment of country is set so strong in the hearts of men as to overmaster all individual personal satisfactions, the enjoyment of which is commonly thought to be the chief thing which makes life worth living. There is something strange in seeing men declare that governments are instituted to secure certain inalienable rights, such as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,—which means, I suppose, the free enjoyment of their powers and possessions,—and then at the same moment and without hesitation, in that very cause, lay down forever that life and liberty and happiness, and sacrifice to the uttermost all that man holds dear on earth.

There is surely something here which takes hold on greater things than individual rights and personal enjoyments. What is country to us if it bids us sacrifice all that we have and are, and annihilate ourselves on earth? What is that mysterious spell before which even life and love must lie dumb upon the altar?

What can it be but that the nation, the people organized as soul and body, is a phase of the life of each member, a sphere in which his forces, his capacities, his worth, find their highest expression. Man realizes his best only through such membership. Each nation grows up around certain animating principles and leading ideas, and takes upon itself the moral responsibility of developing these ideas and making them actual in human life; hence each has its creed, its faith, its calling, its destiny. This leads to nobler living and larger achievement, to a more thorough realization of human capability and worth, than would be possible to men acting merely as individual units.

The body politic gives each man his best advantage by recognizing all special excellences and organizing all differences in one complex and powerful whole,—all forces, aptitudes, talents, tastes and aspirations harmonized in one great moral accord and ideal aim. God has made the thought and sentiment of country sacred, because under it alone man can realize what is noblest in himself and likest to the divine.

Nor can true freedom be found in solitude and isolation, nor even in voluntary conventional associations. It can come only by the mutual action and reaction, the reciprocal contact and support, of dissimilar parts harmonized to a common end. Lawlessness and license are not freedom. Obedience and equipoise are necessary that action may be truly free, that a power may work without working ill to itself or anything else. The body politic only, animated by great moral principles, and regulated by laws the expression of its conscience as well as its will, is ordained to make such freedom possible, and hence to bring out the highest worth of man. The tendency to such association is the working of an instinct of man's nature, and hence of a divine law.

Other human associations have their divinely appointed place,—the family, the social circle, the neighborhood, the municipality, the church. These are all instruments of man's enfranchisement and advance, and as such have their rights and powers and sanctities. In this country, too, the States hold a peculiar place. The sovereignty of the people is divided in its exercise between the State as an organized political body, and the Nation as an organized political body. The Constitution of the United States imposes certain trusts and certain restrictions upon each

of these. With respect to some subjects it is the Nation which exercises unqualified and absolute sovereignty throughout all the States; and in respect to other subjects, the States have an unqualified and supreme power within their respective limits. But when the broadest interests are concerned, when the great questions concerning man's widest relations and highest dignity are in issue, the name of Country is supreme above all other names. This is the highest unit, the most comprehensive form of organized human power. It is the largest association of men for widest human ends, and is thus the highest instrument for human welfare.

A nation is not a mere voluntary society for certain definite and enumerated ends. It is the whole organized physical and moral force of a people, by which they seek to realize their cherished ideas, to bring out human worth, and give it guarantees in laws and institutions, to carry forward most effectively the whole great work of humanity. Hence it is, I believe, that Country holds that high sovereignty over us; because of its appointed place and power in bringing about the ends of history, that man may be brought into harmony with himself and to that obedience which is the perfectness and freedom of all his powers. To this great end it is a consecrated minister, acting under a divine commission, entrusted with the high powers and awful sanctities which belong to supreme sovereignty. It knows no higher law but righteousness, and no master but God.

Corresponding to this right of sovereignty there is the duty of sacrifice. It needed the office of priest as well as king to lead God's ancient people from the condition of bondage to that of a nation. Perpetual offerings had to be made in expiation of human error and human guilt. Sacrifice as well as command was necessary in order to make a people free and to keep them one. It is necessary still. Human society is not organized in the interests of absolute individualism, or individual absolutism. The nature of the body politic cannot be comprehended without the element of self-surrender. Indeed, the very spirit of political society is mutuality. It does not make freedom of trade its highest maxim, but freedom of life,—freedom to do the best thing, as well as to sell at the best advantage. And to that end it must often set aside those teachings of so-called political econ-

omy which make intense selfishness the guide of life, getting the most by giving the least; renouncing all care or responsibility of man for man which binds man to man—putting men apart from each other, and thus sundering what God has put together.

True politics recognizes no such economics as that. The word is, indeed, much abused. It does not mean the arts and tricks by which the people are deceived. It does not even mean the art of government as the restraint of freedom by arbitrary power. Even government does not mean the rule of power,—it means the organization of forces. Politics means the art of living together, justly and nobly. It is the art of being a people, for the high ends of the people's being. It is to promote the nobility of life and the mastery of man over nature, over evil, over self. The spirit of sacrifice and self-surrender is therefore essential to the idea of citizenship. This service and sacrifice are demanded, and this high sovereignty exercised by reason of the very nature of society and the necessities of its organization. The individual is called upon to make this contribution because he is a member of that society, one of the constituent elements of it, and its welfare is one of the proper objects of his labor and his life.

I am well aware that in the works on public law and in the strictly legal theories of the State, the high exercise of sovereignty is treated as in conflict with private rights, and so there is a theory at least that compensation is made for the injury so inflicted.

Private property is taken for public uses, even against the will of the owner. The two forms under which this is done are the right of Taxation and the right of Eminent Domain.

Taxation attempts to proceed upon a uniform and equitable plan by which each individual property-holder is made to contribute according to what is said to be his ability to pay; but the *theory* is that he receives a full compensation in the protection and freedom he enjoys under the government. It would be bold, perhaps, to question the soundness of this reasoning as a basis for the right of taxation, much as one might be tempted to do so were this the place for such a discussion. I only refer now to the point that compensation is said to be and believed to be given.

What is taken from individuals under the right of eminent domain, is some private possession which has become peculiarly desirable or necessary to the interests of the people at large. Here there can be, of course, no uniform rule or general apportionment, and the individual owner receives a compensation of a definite pecuniary value. It is not a sale where he is free to fix his price, but indemnification for injury determined by some legal umpire.

Then again, where the service of individuals is taken without consent (as by draft for the army or navy), there is a certain compensation, in the form of payment. In all these acts there is an assumed right to take and to give without other limit than what the Government or the people deems proper.

But it is one thing to give up a portion of your property or your service, and quite another thing to give your life. How can even Country ask men to do that? How can it compensate a dead man? May Government justly be scrupulous in small things and reckless in the great? These questions bring to the test the grounds on which the State makes demands on its citizens, and compels us to look to some other principle than individual advantage as a foundation for public law and sovereign rights. The truth is, the theory of compensation given by Government for all it takes from the citizen, is inadequate as an explanation, and impossible in the nature of the case. Government takes what it did not give and cannot restore. It takes unequally, and in a way which neither law nor equity can reach.

There is absolutely no way of explaining this matter from the point of view of self-interest. It is possible to explain it only on the principle of membership, of sacrifice and self-surrender, and leave the justification of it, if need be, as a mystery not solvable by man. Self-devotion for the sake of Country can be conceived only in the light of that revelation of human brotherhood, that spirit of membership and participation of great human life, wherein one no longer measures his duty by the protection or advantage the Government affords to him, but rather by his *own ability to contribute*. Some are strong and some are weak, some rich and some poor, some wise and some simple, but all are bound to put their best possible into the great common life and well-being of which they are constituent

parts. As to compensations, it cannot be pretended that there are many, or even any, which have what can be called exchangeable value among men. Something there may be of satisfaction in the consciousness of duty done; but the chief of them must be found in that divine order of society whereby one cannot live to himself, and he who loses his life for life's true sake shall find it again unto life eternal.

It is not claimed here that all who render great service or make the supreme sacrifice, act from this high motive and look to these transcendent rewards. Nor is it said that all who serve their country are equally meritorious, and those who die for it are necessarily saints.

I am not discussing the relative merits of the citizens who serve their country. I am seeking a reason for this paramount demand of government upon the citizen, and his corresponding duty to yield to it.

It will not do, indeed, to leave men to be actuated by such considerations alone as those which have been set forth. For not all can enter into this high conception of the place and service of man toward man,—none but those to whom it is given to see the divine order of society, and the consecrated offices to which each may be called by virtue of his membership thereof. So it is needful for governments to act upon a practical rule that shall come as near the moral one as possible, and compel men to do what is their duty, if they do not willingly accept it, and offer by a *legal fiction* such compensations and rewards as may seem least unjust. The laws of the State must in some things be shaped by its necessities, leaving the full determination of right and justice to Him who alone is able to judge and to execute in truth.

But merely legal ideas can never solve the social problem. They can take but little cognizance of the complex relations in the membership of the great political society which we call country, where one main factor is the necessity of sacrifice, and the true and normal motive the spirit of good-will to others.

On what other principle, indeed, can you justify this high-handed demand of government upon the individual? Any other theory, it

seems to me, would make such acts the brutal despotism of society,—the flames of Moloch and the wheels of Juggernaut. Shall outrage be done to the few, that the many may be happy? Might not the question rather be, alas! Shall outrage be done to the many that the few may be happy?

To my mind, I confess, this problem of society and the individual member cannot be explained without reference to some better adjustments than we can make here,—some conscious part which each soul may sometime be brought to see, and share in the completed toils and offerings of all.

Let it not be thought cant or "preaching" if this view of the incompleteness of earthly life and the inadequacy of its judgments and awards makes it necessary for us to take into account another and immortal life of which this is still a part.

This very feeling we have to hold dear and fast the memory of noble deeds, goes to prove the same thing. The flowers we scatter, the monuments we raise, our praises of the dead, and our tears for them, are no compensation to them. If it is permitted them to take note of our memorial services, they cannot look through these earthly confusions and see as yet the settled end. Still less can we allow ourselves to believe that such things are done merely as a lesson and incitement for coming generations, that they too may be induced to devote themselves to the service of country. There is no such bargain of gain or selfish advantage when we make our offerings to those who perished in a great cause.

It is the outgoing of an instinct as normal and real as any craving of our nature not to let go the noble lives that have gone before us, and for our sakes,—to hold fast to them because they were one with us, and shall be again! All we enjoy to-day of peace and freedom and scope of life is greatly due to brave and loving deeds done long ago. And what we likewise do shall live in others, and perchance not be lost in us. Many a mysterious hint is given in all God's revelations of truth that somehow, by and by, the souls that have made sacrifice for others' good shall enter into the consciousness of the victory won,—that in some way, by some lofty metempsychosis, the life surrendered here for others' weal shall reappear in

the soul whence it set forth, enlarged with all the noble attributes its toil and suffering had helped to realize in this earthly sphere, and to find its crowning joy of life, not in the supreme satisfaction of self, but in being a part of something greater than self.

To that thought, it seems to me, all these memorials, these flowers, statues and heartfelt tributes tend. This view makes them not less, but more. Many a touching tablet in old cathedrals like that which the roseate Alps look down upon in Berne, many a statue of world-wide fame and emblem of undying majestic devotion like that of Thorwaldsen's Lion of Lucern, testify that the chords of life are many and reach far, and that men should live all for each and each for all.

Friends and citizens of this grand old State! pardon me if thoughts I can neither repress nor utter sweep me at their control, and leave me neither master of them nor of myself.

Before me this vast assembly of loyal spirits swayed by one thought; around me this most imposing concourse of the highest and noblest in the land; the President of the United States, that sole representative of all the People, holding the high place which Washington and Lincoln held, and in character worthy to be their peer; every branch of the Government represented, the Cabinet, the Court, Senators and Representatives in Congress; Governors of States; officers of the army and navy, among them the General-in-Chief, and by his side that honored son of your own State, the senior Major-General, – these veterans of every rank and grade, but all one in spirit, one in service, one in the power of a common citizenship. And others too, I see, but not with bodily eyes, an invisible but glorious throng,—those twelve regiments of yours which at one time and another I was honored to have represented in my command; they too who have passed that supreme test of loyal devotion, those true-hearted young officers bearing names familiar as household words among you, who fell by my side on many a field where the day was saved because they had chosen that darkness should fall on their eyes and on yours forever here rather than on their country's honor; and those others, nameless hosts,—but not nameless on the book of God's remembrance, —sons of yours, brothers of mine,—for if not of one blood by birth,

does not the mingled blood, outflowing in one stream, make us brothers too?

Forms and voices throng around; lingering memories and living thoughts blend in one maze that baffles speech. I see the mighty vision, I hear the vast accord; but the tongue cannot grasp and utter all it tells.

I take up this tablet* on the page you have given me here. Heroic names! glorious forms!

Kearney—The gallant, the chivalrous—too early made immortal.

Reno—Fearless fighting up the mountain side, whence God took him.

Reynolds—Able, enthusiastic, magnanimous, willing to serve where he was worthy to command, falling in the midst of an heroic service which was also high command, holding the enemy in check by his resolute spirit, while his ebbing life-blood glorified the sod of the State where he had his birth.

Sedgwick—Dear John Sedgwick; lifted high above all thought of self, and so lifted higher.

McPherson—Large of brain and pure of soul, seeing things to their reasons and results; who fell commanding, and who lives in our hearts, commanding still.

Heintzelman—True soldier, readier at deeds than at words, ever faithful, earnest for the right; who had promised to be here with us to-night, and *who is here.*

Custer—Central figure of the fight, brilliant as a streaming banner, sharp as the sabre's edge.

Hooker—Soldier and gentleman, gallant and brave, experiencing varied fortunes, but whose fame is steadfast and above the clouds.

Thomas—The man of mighty mould, firm as a rock, in character and combat; immovable when he resolved to stand, irresistible when he moved.

Farragut—The great-hearted and sincere: dauntless hero, passing through deaths untouched, and, having now passed on, untouched by death.

* See page 53.

Meade—How shall I speak of him, and what need I indeed? Has not the distinguished head of the department of justice in the Government done our hero justice? and has not the illustrious soldier, the general of the army, paid him this very morning a generous soldier's tribute? Thoughtful, prudent, sagacious, conscientious, able to carry his point with vigor, and capacious to comprehend and direct great operations. Who of us Fifth Corps men can forget that morning on the hurried march which led up to Gettysburg, and in momentary expectation of the great battle, when Meade was suddenly summoned from the head of the corps to the head of the army? Without time to change anything to suit his own ideas, or even to organize a staff, forced to take things as they were, and as best he could to meet the expectations of the country in the great issue then trembling in the balance; how quietly, how modestly, yet how calmly and with what self-possession he assumed that delicate and difficult, nay that tremendous trust!

What followed on that field of Gettysburg is known to us,—known to history and to fame.

Let us by fitting memorials perpetuate the cognizance among men of characters like these. Let us hold fast by fitting symbols and by the likeness of remembered forms, those whose conspicuous career makes them worthy to represent the heroic virtues of all the soldiers of the Republic. Let us cherish still with loyal love those who have nobly passed away, and the things for which they died. And as we turn to part once more, let us highly resolve that from thoughts and memories like these our lives shall grow more noble, and that in the times to come we will hold ourselves loyal to our history, true to our ideals, and worthy of our dead.

At the close of this oration the long and continued applause testified that the sentiments contained therein found ready response in the hearts of his audience. As soon as the applause had subsided, Commander A. J. SELLERS stepped to the front and asked permission to interrupt the regular programme to perform a pleasant duty required of him, and addressing General Chamberlain said:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I crave your indulgence while I trespass upon your time for a few moments, in the performance of a duty assigned me by direction of the organization of which I have the honor to be a member. From time immemorial, upon occasions of ceremony, and even at other times, decorations, emblems, and devices have been worn by associations of men; by individuals from the most exalted in station to the humblest sphere in life; and what does this all signify? Country and State have conferred upon subject and citizen badges of honor for meritorious services, colleges and institutes, for triumphs achieved by their students. Individual representatives of organizations of every character, proudly display upon their person the evidence of their membership. But there is a badge of honor whose lustre is greater than all, and more to be desired than the decoration of any other nation, which, when worn upon the breast of a comrade entitled to wear it, speaks to all the world that he has served his country during its terrible struggle for unity and honor. It is the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic! whose cardinal principles are Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty. That Fraternity which cements us together in one common brotherhood, whose ties were welded together in the fire of battle; that Charity which prompts us to the noblest sacrifices for the needy and destitute wards of our nation; that Loyalty which binds us to a faithful performance of our duties as citizens,—that practical loyalty, which grasps a rifle when the country's flag is assailed, and flies to the defense of the Union. The symbol of our order we cherish, because it is the emblem of our Grand Union, which epitomizes the patriotism of all those who fought, thought, prayed, and died for our country in her hour of need,—because it is the mouthpiece of a fraternity of loyal hearts, an eternal monitor to all men that loyalty still lives,—the pearl of great price to the eyes of the

widow and the orphan whom it shields with its mantle of charity,—and finally, the talisman of an eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty.

And now (turning to the orator of the evening), Comrade Chamberlain, the pleasing duty devolves upon me of presenting to you your certificate of election as an honorary member of George G. Meade Post No. 1, Department of Pennsylvania, and of presenting to you, in their name, the distinctive badge of their organization. Though of little intrinsic value, accept it, comrade, as a slight evidence of our regard and esteem for your kindness and the sacrifices you have made in coming so far to do honor to the memory of our dead heroes, prominent among whom is Pennsylvania's distinguished soldier Major-General George G. Meade, the Hero of Gettysburg, after whom our organization is named. We are deeply sensible of the preference you have given this city, this audience, and this Post, when pressed by so many invitations from other localities to do reverence to Memorial Day, which honor, sir, is gratefully appreciated (handing General Chamberlain his notification of election, and pinning upon the lapel of his coat the gold badge of the Post).

After music by the band, Governor Hoyt introduced Mr. Francis De Haas Janvier, who read the following

POEM.

An unknown Union soldier was found dead, upon the field of Gettysburg, with an ambrotype, containing the portraits of three children, in his hand.

The incident was published, and photographic copies of the picture made, one of which, ultimately, reached the family of the soldier, who was thus identified as Sergeant Amos Humiston, of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Regiment, New York Volunteers.

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

BY FRANCIS DE HAAS JANVIER.

"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me."—Jer. 49: 11.

'Twas on the field of Gettysburg,
With war's wild havoc spread;—
With steeds and riders, friends and foes,
The dying and the dead:—
Where many a dauntless spirit fell
To yield life's latest trust;
Where many a lofty form, brought low,
Was marred with blood and dust.

The flaming fray swept fiercely on;
The tumult passed away;
And, all unheeded, with the dead,
A wounded soldier lay:—
Exhausted,—waning life revealed
In every shortening breath;
Without one comrade,—left to die,—
He was alone with death!

Then slowly, with a trembling hand,
From out his bloody vest,
He drew a casket, which had lain
Upon his mangled breast,
From whence three little faces beamed,
In childhood's loving light,—
And there, amid the gathering gloom,
He fixed his fading sight.

He pressed the picture to his lips,
And breathed a fervent prayer
That God would make his lonely wife,
And little ones, His care;—
And, though no human help was nigh,
Some messenger provide,
To bear to them his parting love,
And tell them how he died.

His strength failed faster,—but there came
A shout along the field;
And, answering, from the distant lines,
The trump of Victory pealed:—
He saw the Patriot host advance
Where Treason found a grave;
And, over all, the Stars and Stripes,
In triumph, proudly wave!

"Thank God!—We die, but Freedom lives!"
In earnest tones, he said;
He raised his blue cap in the air,
Above his drooping head:
Again he blessed his cherished ones,—
A shudder, and a sigh,—
And one more patriot-martyr's name
Was registered on high!

Far from the field of Gettysburg,
An humble cottage stood,—
And there a stricken woman pined
In dreary widowhood:—
A mother, with her children, left,
In sad suspense, to yearn
For one departed, long before,—
Who never would return.

For many a weary month, she sought
Some tidings of his fate,—
And, with the children, wandered forth,
To watch, and weep, and wait:—

But fruitless seemed the widow's trust,
And vain the orphans' prayer:—
Doubt slowly turned to certainty,
And hope became despair.

But God, whose aid is ever near,—
Whose love is over all;—
Who, in His kindly vigil, bends
To note the sparrow's fall:—
Had listened to the soldier's prayer,
And marked his latest sigh;—
Had treasured up the widow's tears,
And heard the orphans' cry.

The precious picture which had lain
Upon the soldier's breast,
Preserved, by Providential care,
Fulfilled his last request:—
That token, to his weeping wife,
And little ones, supplied
Assurance of his parting love,—
And told them how he died.

The poem was warmly applauded.

Miss TILLIE D. SUMMERS then sang a soprano solo called "Scatter Sweet Flowers o'er the Dead," which was so well received that she responded to the encore by singing "They Died for You and Me."

Governor Hoyt announced that the time had come for calling upon distinguished guests for some remarks, and introduced the President of the United States, RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, who was received with applause and cheers. The President spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I thank the Comrades of this Post of the Grand Army for the opportunity they have given me to take part in this meeting in aid of the fund for the erection of a monument in honor of General Meade. The other great commanders of the Union armies who have passed away, have been remembered by their comrades and fellow-citizens, and their monuments may be seen in the beautiful parks of the national capital. You will see there the monument of that noble model old soldier, the veteran of three wars,—a monument that fitly commemorates the services and achievements of General Scott. You will see there a monument to the rock of Chickamauga, General Thomas. You will see there also a monument to that gallant son of my own State and county, the lovable and beloved General McPherson. But as yet Pennsylvanians, Philadelphians, no suit-

able memorial of General Meade has been built. This meeting, as I understand, is to do something to correct that. And surely there are reasons enough why a monument should be built in honor of General Meade. I do not wish to repeat what has been far better said than I can say it in the eloquent address to which we have just listened, and yet you will, perhaps, bear with me while I try to emphasize two or three points in relation to General Meade.

He commanded at the very crisis of the war that great army which we are accustomed to hear, and glad to hear, spoken of as "the grand old Army of the Potomac." He commanded that army at a time when its defeat and destruction meant, humanly speaking, the ruin and the loss of the national cause.

Again, it may be truthfully said of General Meade, that in every station he ever held, from the lowest to the highest, he was always adequate to the duties of his place; that he was always able, faithful, and conscientious, and that he never, under any circumstances, failed to do his whole duty.

General Meade was withal one of the most fortunate of commanders. Under him, and perhaps I may say under him alone, the Army of the Potomac never knew defeat or serious disaster; and it was his fortune to be its commander in that great decisive battle, that battle which will be of unrivaled interest in our history as long as that history shall be known. If that battle had gone against our cause, the taunt of the hostile Englishman that "the bubble Republic is bursted" would have been true. But now, Meade's name and fame and memory are forever safe. They are linked in adamant with Gettysburg, and Gettysburg is linked in adamant with the salvation of the Republic.

When we build a monument to Meade it will require no explanation. No words should be wasted in inscriptions. We shall read upon its ample sides the simple inscription:

"In memory of George G. Meade, the Commander of the Union Army at Gettysburg."

Applause and cheers greeted the President when he closed his remarks, and continued long after he had taken his seat, which he acknowledged by rising and bowing to the audience. The applause

was again renewed when Governor Hoyt introduced General WILLIAM T. SHERMAN, General of the Army of the United States, who stepped briskly to the front of the stage, and without waiting for the subsiding of the applause which greeted him, spoke rapidly, as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—When I tell you I have performed a full day's work in that imposing ceremonial of decorating graves, and as I endeavored in a few words at General Meade's tomb to express my feelings, thoughts and admiration of that good, great and glorious man, I know you will permit me to close with a very few words, and let them be of a business character, following the example of my Commander-in-chief, the President of the United States. Let us look as this question of General Meade's monument as a business transaction. Supposing Meade had been defeated at Gettysburg, what would have been the condition of Philadelphia? Suppose you owed him the one-hundredth part of that success in Philadelphia, can you count the millions you owe him to-day? Supposing Lee, on the other hand, had slipped between Meade and Baltimore and Washington, what would have been the result then? Meade, instead of being attacked, would have been the attacking party, and his loss would have been enormous, even if he had been successful. Again, when he took command of that army he displayed an amount of self-sacrifice that I am almost safe in saying no other man on this continent would have done—so cheerful, so noble and so well, with decision and patriotism combined. But when he took the command like a man that he was, he won that battle, the fame of which has resounded over the earth; and then, as the President has well said, this nation became firmly established. From that day every man in the United States, whether a Philadelphian or not, owes to General Meade a debt he can never pay, and were you to erect a monument of pure gold you would still be indebted to him. He sleeps well where he is; he asks nothing of you; his family admit that they have been treated kindly by Philadelphians, and they are grateful and his friends are grateful. But it is due to yourselves, and you owe this duty to your children, to erect this monument; and when they see his statue in the Park they will emulate his example both in patriotism and courage, and you will then be truly a city of brotherly love, as you are properly named.

Governor Hoyt introduced Attorney-General of the United States General CHARLES DEVENS, who was enthusiastically received. He said :

Among the beautiful festivals in which the Catholic Church seeks to impress the truths of religion upon Christian people, is the ceremony of All Souls' Day, which is instituted to commemorate and remember all the departed. To-day, comrades, this has been our All Souls' Day, by which we have sought to commemorate together all who have passed away who in their lifetime did noble service in their country's cause. We have sought to establish by this ceremony our communion through the whole of this broad land, not only by processions, with banners and music from crowded cities, but not the less with the little family that to-day has gone out from some little farm, or to some little churchyard, to commemorate one who was once a beloved brother or dear son. Wherever our brave men lie, whether in the swamps or in the tangled wildwood, or whether they lie in the crowded cemeteries, with monumental marble above them, all are gathered and all are remembered together to day. To say of all these men that all were equally brave and were equally self-sacrificing, would not be true. In our army were the usual varieties of men, yet, when deductions are made, history will attest that no army was ever gathered together more resolute in its struggles, more constant in its disasters, or more generous and forgiving in its victories. I would fain believe these men have not passed away without aspirations worthy of the noble cause in which they rendered up their lives. And now, comrades and friends, it is most meet and proper that such a day should conclude with such a meeting as this, which seeks to reinforce a spirit which is to result in an appropriate memorial to General Meade. In honoring the generals of our armies we honor the men who served under them. No man can have a higher regard than I for General Meade, for I believe I was honored with his regard and friendship. Yet as I remember him in this monument, I desire to remember with him all the brave men who, at Gettysburg and other great fields of the war, stood side by side with him. We can only remember our soldiers by remembering those who led them. The fame of the officers and soldiers of the army cannot be

divided. If those lips of General Meade, which are sealed in death now, could speak, sure I am he would say: "Erect no monument to me that does not commemorate alike all the brave men who have stood by my side." You cannot divorce the fame of Sherman from the bronzed and bearded veteran that carried his musket with him over half the continent,—he would not let you do it if you could; and you cannot divide the fame of Grant from that of every soldier who formed one in that glittering wall of steel with which he environed and encompassed Lee. When you rear this monument, you will rear it in remembrance of the great chief whose image it will bear, but you will rear it also for a tender remembrance of every brave soldier who was by his side. This great field of Gettysburg, as the President has well suggested, is one whose reminiscences are peculiarly dear and tender in the State of Pennsylvania. It was the culminating point of the war. Great as the interest in this battle is to the whole country, it is of peculiar interest to you of Pennsylvania. It was fought, as General Sherman has said, for the possession of your political capital, Harrisburg, and your great commercial capital, in which I have now the honor to stand. Who is it, then, that can say that one or both might not have fallen if victory had been otherwise? And now, friends, I trust that this monument, with its remembrances, will be reared, and reared soon, for it seems to me that it is a duty which has been almost too long delayed; and when it is done, whether it shall stand in these streets, where he walked, or whether in that park which he loved to visit, wherever it shall stand it shall be a monument to patriotism, to liberty, to country, that shall endure long after we have passed away. If hereafter there are to be dangers, the monument you will rear shall inspire again to courage, to devotion, and to patriotism worthy of the deeds that are passed.

The next speaker was General WINFIELD S. HANCOCK, Major-General United States Army, and in introducing him Governor Hoyt suggested that the audience rise to be presented to the "Whirlwind of the Army of the Potomac," a suggestion that was promptly acted upon, and General Hancock received an ovation that appeared to somewhat embarrass him. After bowing his acknowledgments he said:

I might very well, instead of being considered a guest to-night, claim to be one of those assembled here to receive the distinguished persons who surround me; for I am a citizen of your own State, and was born but twenty miles away. Or, as a guest, I might say something appropriate to the occasion; for in my service during the rebellion, I was thrown very near to General Meade, having served in the same army with him or under his command during nearly all the period of that strife. I was necessarily at times much with him, and had thereby opportunities of knowing much of his "inner life," and of the "main springs" which moved "affairs" as well; but I did not expect to be called upon to-night for any remarks.

I came here understanding that I was not to speak, but that others would say all that was needful on the occasion, and far better than I could do. Without consideration, I could not speak with that care which I think the subject deserves, and I shall not detract from the occasion by crude utterances, especially when so much has been said by others that was appropriate and fitting in every way.

I am satisfied that the monument in which we all feel an interest will be promptly erected, and it will only be necessary, when completed, to inscribe upon it, on one side, "Meade," and on the reverse, "Gettysburg."

The last speaker, General STEWART L. WOODFORD,* United States District Attorney of New York, was then introduced by Governor Hoyt, and was received with a round of applause. His brief address, delivered in his stirring, eloquent manner, won for him highest encomiums and continued applause.

Music by the band closed the exercises of the evening.

*We regret that we have not been able to procure a copy of General Woodford's address, but as he spoke extempore he had no notes to give us, and the reporters made none; we can only add that it was a fitting conclusion to such a meeting before such a distinguished audience.

The guests were then taken in charge by the committee and escorted to the Union League Club House, where they were introduced to the members of the League and their friends, and were refreshed at the banqueting table kindly spread by the members of League. The following invitation had been sent out and responded to:

Informal Reception.

UNION LEAGUE OF PHILADELPHIA

to the

GUESTS OF MEADE POST NO. 1, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,

Saturday, May 29th, 1880, at 10 o'clock P. M.

To Mr. .....

The Presidential party took the midnight train back to Washington.

The committee on the Meade Memorial subsequently submitted the following report as the result of their labors :

Philadelphia, June 28, 1880.

JOS. R. C. WARD, Adjutant G. G. Meade Post, No. 1, G. A. R., Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR AND COMRADE:—The committee on "Meade Memorial" would respectfully submit the following report :

The original committee was appointed June 12, 1878, at the suggestion of Comrade T. Morris Knight, who, noticing on the previous Decoration Day that there was no monument at General Meade's grave, made a motion, which was carried, that a committee be appointed to raise funds for the erection of a monument in Laurel Hill, but as the lot did not belong to General Meade's family, and as objections were made to a monument, it was decided to work in connection with the Fairmount Park Art Association, which had already taken steps towards the erection of an equestrian statue of General Meade, in bronze, in the Park, and for which purpose they had appropriated $5,000.

At the semi-annual department encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Gettysburg in July, 1878, on motion of Comrade Fagan, of Post 2, a committee was appointed to enlist the different Posts of the Department in the work ; a committee of one hundred and twenty ladies, known for their active work among the different charitable institutions of the city and State, has also rendered great assistance by raising about $7,000 for this object.

Whether on account of the citizens having given General Meade's family the substantial presents of a house and a large sum of money, or whether it is a want of a proper appreciation of his services, the fact remains that the erection of a monument to his memory does not meet with either the support or enthusiasm it ought. The Department Committee has visited and sent circulars to the different Posts in the Department, and also sent circulars to many officers of the Army of the Potomac, Fifth Corps, and friends of General Meade throughout the country, and the net result of eighteen months labor is only about

$2,100, of which amount about $600 was received from fifteen officers, mostly residing outside of the State; $601 from Post 1, which includes the generous contribution of Comrade E. N. Benson of $500; $300 from Post 2; and $100 from Post 5; and only about $500 from all the other Posts in the Department and country.

When we take into consideration that there are about sixteen thousand members of the Grand Army of the Republic in this Department alone, and that at least fourteen thousand of them served in the Army of the Potomac, it shows that either the Comrades must be very poor, or that they care very little about perpetuating the memory of their old commander or of the Army of the Potomac, for a monument to General Meade would not only commemorate his services but that of the army he commanded.

Your Post committee, after holding a number of meetings, and taking into consideration many different methods for raising money, thought it advisable to try and raise the money by subscription instead of giving an entertainment, which would necessitate great labor with uncertain results, the Post having pledged itself to give $250 towards the erection of the "Meade Memorial."

Your Committee decided, at a meeting held November 29, 1879, that a subscription book be opened, and the Comrades requested to give as much as they could consistently afford; this was done, and up to the present time twenty-eight Comrades have subscribed $126,—$116 being paid in; $17 has also been paid in by others, not members, making a total of $143 received from this source.

At a meeting of the Decoration Committee of the Post it was decided, in connection with this Committee, to hold a memorial service, at the Academy of Music, on the evening of Decoration Day, May 29, 1880, in aid of the "Meade Memorial" fund, and to invite General and ex-Governor Joshua L. Chamberlain, of Maine, to deliver an oration, which he consented to do. The Joint Committees completed the necessary arrangements, the services were held, and proved a decided success in every particular. President Hayes, Attorney-General Devens, Secretary of War Ramsey, Generals Sherman, Hancock, Auger, T. Kilby Smith, Stewart L. Woodford, Hartranft, Governor Hoyt, and other prominent officers and ex-officers of the army, were present;

also four of the five members of Congress from this city. Generals Burnside, Slocum and Crawford had accepted invitations, and expected to be present, but were prevented by illness.

The Post has the satisfaction of knowing that there was assembled on the stage of the Academy that evening a body of distinguished men such as seldom have been brought together in the country, outside of the city of Washington.

The net financial results are shown in the report of the Treasurer to be $274.59. Although the amount is not as large as was anticipated, your committee are confident that the effect of the meeting has been to bring the matter before the public in a manner such as it has never been before. About $500 has already been received, since the meeting, from different sources, which we are, and ought to be, credited with obtaining.

The letter received from the Department Commander shows that the reports of the meeting have infused new life into the order throughout the State, and that a new Post has already been organized in consequence of it.

The Committee suggest that the thanks of the Post be given to General and ex-Governor Chamberlain for his eloquent oration; F. DeHaas Janvier, for his appropriate poem; the newspapers of the city for very kindly reducing their bills for advertising from $49.75 to $31.66, making a reduction of $18.09; also to Comrade W. H. Nagle, for posting bills; C. F. Haseltine, for moving picture from Union League to Academy and back without charge. Our thanks to the Union League for entertaining our guests have already been given.

Respectfully submitted in F. C. and L.,

GEORGE Q. WHITE,
P. D. KEYSER, M. D.,
HENRY H. BINGHAM,
R. DALE BENSON.

The following is copy of resolution of thanks sent to the Union League:

HEADQUARTERS GEO. G. MEADE POST 1,
Dep't of Penna., G. A. R.,
S. E. Cor. Eleventh and Chestnut Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA, June 3, 1880.

WM. E. LITTLETON, ESQ.,
Secretary Union League of Philadelphia,
Broad and Sansom Sts.,

MY DEAR SIR:—

I have the honor to inform you that by the unanimous vote of the Post at a regular muster held on Monday evening, May 31, 1880, that the thanks of George G. Meade Post 1, Department of Pennsylvania, Grand Army of the Republic, are due and are hereby tendered to the "UNION LEAGUE OF PHILADELPHIA," for the very handsome, generous and substantial manner they entertained the guests of the Post attending the services of the Post at the Academy of Music in aid of the monument to the memory of Pennsylvania's illustrious soldier, General George G. Meade, at their elegant Club House, Broad and Sansom streets, on Saturday evening, May 29, 1880. Asking your acceptance of this slight return for your extreme kindness and generosity,

I have the honor to be, sir,
Very respectfully yours,
JOS. R. C. WARD,
Adjutant.

APPENDIX.

Department of the Interior, Washington,
April 19th, 1880.

DEAR SIR:—I have received your kind letter of the 14th instant, and thank you very sincerely for the invitation with which you honor me. I do not know yet whether it will be possible for me to comply with it; I cannot, therefore, make a definite promise. I can only say that if my engagements here permit me I shall be glad to attend the interesting meeting in which you ask me to take part.

Very truly yours,
C. SCHURZ.

Col. A. J. Sellers, Comd'r Post One, G. A. R.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Department of Justice, Washington,
May 22, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have your note. I expect to be in Philadelphia on the evening of the twenty-ninth.

Yours truly,
CHAS. DEVENS.

C. C. Knight, Esq., 301 and 303 N. Second St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Washington, D. C.,
May 28, 1880.

G. Q. White, Esq., U. S. A.

SIR,—I am pleased to be able to accept the invitation of George G. Meade Post, G. A. R., to be present at the Meade Memorial Services on Saturday even. next, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

I am, very respectfully, your obed't serv't,
JOS. K. McCAMMON.

Senate Chamber, Washington,
April 30, 1880.

Col. A. J. Sellers, My Dear Comrade.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your kind letter has remained unanswered so long because I have been absent from Washington. I regret exceedingly that I cannot promise to attend the very interesting ceremonies proposed, but think it will be impossible for me to come. With the highest appreciation of the honor you do me, and the kindly sentiments of your letter, I am,

Respectfully,
JOHN A. LOGAN.

Senate Chamber, Washington,
April 18, 1880.

MY DEAR COMMANDER:—I have delayed answering your kind favor of the 9th inst. in view of some contingencies that came up after my talk with General Bingham. I had written a letter of acceptance to your previous invitation, but withheld it for the reasons mentioned above. I am now glad to say that it will be in my power, and most agreeable to me, to join you on Decoration Day. With thanks for your kind attention, and with high regard, I am

Faithfully yours,
A. E. BURNSIDE.

Comd'r A. J. Sellers, Com. on Invitation, etc.

House Representatives, Washington, D. C.,
May 28, 1880.

GENTLEMEN :—Accept my thanks for your kind invitation to the National Memorial Services in aid of the Meade Monument Fund. I regret that circumstances over which I have no control prevent my attending. Yours truly,

SAM. J. RANDALL.

Messrs. G. Q. White, H. C. Potter, P. D. Keyser, etc.,
Committee of Invitation.

House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.,
January 10, 1880.

Col. A. J. Sellers, S. E. Cor. 11th and Chestnut Sts., Phila.

DEAR SIR :—Yours of the 10th inst., inviting me to attend the decoration services at Laurel Hill on the 29th May next, came duly to hand. I regret that it is impossible for me to be with you on that occasion, as I have conditionally promised to attend a similar meeting in Ohio if I can be absent from Washington at that time Regretting that I cannot comply with your request, I am Very truly yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

Headquarters Army of the United States, Washington, D. C.,
April 10, 1880.

Col. A. J. Sellers, Invitation Com. National Memorial Service, Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIR :—Your kind note of March 29th is only received to-day, by reason of my absence in the West. I am now back at my post, and accept your invitation for May 29, to assist with a few remarks in the beautiful custom now established of decorating with flowers the graves of our dead comrades. With great respect, Your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

Office of the Admiral, Washington, D. C.,
May 15, 1880.

DEAR SIR :—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 12th instant. Much as it would please me to be present on so interesting an occasion as your celebration of the 29th instant, I very much fear it will not be in my power to do so.

The delicate state of my wife's health prevents my leaving the city, and she is not able to accompany me. On that account I was obliged to decline an invitation to be a member of the Board of Visitors at the Naval Academy, at the examination commencing May 22 and ending in June, and could hardly with propriety accept an invitation to go elsewhere during the same period, even if other circumstances did not prevail to prevent my doing so.

Assuring you that I highly appreciate the compliment you have extended to me, and hoping that your reunion may pass off agreeably and in accordance with your expectations, I have the honor to remain,

Yours very respectfully,

DAVID D. PORTER,
Admiral.

A. J. Sellers, Esq., Comm'r George G. Meade Post No. 1, G. A. R.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

War Department, Quartermaster General's Office, Washington, D. C.,
May 20, 1880.

Major G. Q. White, U. S. A., and others.

DEAR SIR :—I have had the honor to receive an invitation to attend the National Memorial Services of 29th instant, in aid of the Meade Monument Fund. I regret that it is not possible for me to visit Philadelphia on that interesting occasion. Hoping that the movement may be

successful, and that the memory of this great soldier, to whom Philadelphia owes the defeat of a powerful invader of her State, may be honored by the erection of a fitting monument, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

M. C. MEIGS,

Quartermaster General, Brevet Major-General.

War Department, Quartermaster General's Office, Washington, D. C.,

May 18, 1880.

DEAR MAJOR:—I received this morning the invitation to the Memorial Services for the "Meade Monument Fund," you so kindly sent. I am very much indebted to you for remembering me. If possible I will be present, but I think I shall be in Chicago at the end of the month, if I can get away from here at all. I hope there will be a fund raised of such magnitude that a monument worthy of the fine old soldier can be constructed. With thanks for your courtesy, I am

Yours truly,

HENRY C. HODGES,

Major G. Q. White. Deputy Q. M. Gen'l.

Governor's Island, New York Harbor.

May 27, 1880.

Col. A. J. Sellers, Commander George G. Meade Post 1, G. A. R.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter of March 10, inviting me to participate in the Memorial Services May 29, at the Academy of Music, under the direction of the Geo. G. Meade Post, No. 1, G.A.R., was received. I have determined that, unless interrupted, I shall go to Philadelphia and be present at the Meade Memorial Services at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, but not for the purpose of making an address, for I shall not have time to make preparations. General Augur, who has also been invited, will accompany me, and we shall leave Jersey City at 4.05 P. M. on Saturday, the 29th instant. It will give me pleasure to accept the hospitalities of the George G. Meade Post, No. 1, G.A.R., for that occasion, and I shall stop at the St. George Hotel, corner of Broad and Walnut Streets. I am, sir,

Very truly and respectfully yours,

WINF'D S. HANCOCK.

Headquarters, Department of West Point. United States Military Academy,

West Point, N. Y.

May 13, 1880.

Commander A. J. Sellers, George G. Meade Post, No. 1, Grand Army Republic.

No. 257 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

SIR:—I regret that my official duties prevent my acceptance of your very cordial invitation to participate in the National Memorial Service on Decoration Day, the 29th instant, with the George G. Meade Post, No. 1, Grand Army of the Republic, as contained in your letter of the 12th instant. It would afford me special pleasure to meet with my old comrades under such auspicious circumstances, but I must ask you to communicate to them my regret that I have to be absent on the occasion. I am

Very truly yours,

J. M. SCHOFIELD,

Major-General U. S. A.

Governor's Island, N. Y. H.,

May 27, 1880.

DEAR MAJOR WHITE:—It was not until yesterday that General Hancock and myself thought we could see our way clear for accepting your polite invitations for the "Memorial Service" on Saturday evening next. The General telegraphed yesterday that we would attend, and would leave by the 4.05 train from New York.

I am very truly yours,

C. C. AUGUR.

Union Club, Fifth Avenue and 21st Street,
Saturday, May 15, 1880.

Commander A. J. Sellers, Committee on Invitation.

DEAR SIR :—I have received and with great pleasure your kind invitation to participate in the Decoration ceremonies of the George G. Meade Post, G. A. R., and the Memorial Service on the 29th of May. I feel indeed grateful to you for your kind remembrance, for it is so much in harmony with what I feel is due to the memory of Pennsylvania's great soldier. I will come with pleasure, and will be glad to aid in any way the noble and just object you have in view.

Very sincerely and respectfully,

S. W. CRAWFORD,
Brev. Maj. Gen'l, U.S.A.

Governor's Island,
May 29, 1880.

Major George Q. White, U. S. Army.

MAJOR :—I am in receipt of your polite invitation to be present at the Memorial Services in honor of General Meade, and have to regret the impossibility of leaving New York to-day. Nothing could be more grateful to my feelings than to be present at services in memory of a great soldier and patriot. Sincerely yours,

JOHN NEWTON,
Brev. Maj. Gen'l, U.S.A.

New York,
May 26, 1880.

Major George Q. White, U. S. A., 524 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MY DEAR SIR :—I have the honor to receive your invitation, dated the 24th inst., to attend the Meade Memorial Services on the evening of the 29th inst. I regret to say that my present engagements prevent my accepting. No one is at heart more in sympathy with the object of the meeting than I, and I feel glad that you have such splendid orators to do justice to the memory of that true, noble man and general—George G. Meade. Yours truly,

G. K. WARREN, U.S.A.

Trenton,
March 12, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR :—Your very courteous invitation to participate in the Memorial Service of May 29, under the direction of the Geo. G. Meade Post, G. A. R., has duly reached me. I regret that my engagements will render it out of my power to avail myself of your kindness. With my sincere thanks for your invitation, I am Most truly yours.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN.

Col. A. J. Sellers, Commander.

State of New Jersey, Headquarters National Guard, Trenton.
May 27, 1880.

MY DEAR GENERAL :—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the National Memorial Services, in aid of the Meade Monument Fund, on Saturday evening, the 29th inst., and regret my inability to attend.

Very respectfully, your ob'd't,

G. MOTT.

Gen'l H. H. Bingham, Phila.

Binghamton, N. Y.,
May 8, 1880.

Col. A. J. Sellers.

My Dear Sir and Comrade:—Your kind invitation to attend "the National Memorial Service at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Decoration Day," etc., was received here during my absence from home. I am compelled to decline for the reason that I have promised to address my comrades at Nyack, N. Y., on Decoration Day, and the trip to Philadelphia would interfere with that arrangement. With pleasant recollections of the time when we served in the field together, and thanking you for the cordial and flattering expressions in your letter, I am, Very truly and fraternally yours,

JNO. C. ROBINSON.

Brevoort House, New York,
May 16, 1880.

Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 12th inst. reached my lodgings yesterday. The invitation to which you refer has not been received. However, I gather its purport from your letter now before me. I have promised to speak at Cypress Hill on Decoration Day, and I fear the acceptance of your kind invitation might interfere with my duty here. If I can arrange matters so as to be with you, I shall have great pleasure in doing so. Sincerely yours,

D. V. SICKLES.

Col. A. J. Sellers, Phila.

1829 G Street, Washington, D.C.,
May 27, 1880.

Col. A. J. Sellers.

My Dear Colonel:—I find the unusual hot weather in my invalided condition has so prostrated my strength that after all your kind arrangements and the warm welcome generally extended me as your guest, I shall be unable to undertake the fatigues of the long Memorial Services, which I not only regret, from the desire to show appropriate honor to our late Commanding General, but as a deprivation of my personal renewal of old ties of friendship cemented on many a hard-fought field. Present my regrets with high regard and warm appreciation of your continued remembrance, Ever most sincerely yours,

JAMES B. RICKETTS.

1300 Locust Street,
May 20, 1880.

Messrs. White, Potter, Keyser, Bingham and Sellers, Committee,

Gentlemen:—I have your kind communication, requesting the use of my name as one of the Vice-Presidents on the occasion of the National Memorial Services, on Saturday, May 29th, inst. I had hoped to be able to be with you on that occasion, but I find that I shall have to leave for the United States Military Academy at West Point in the afternoon of that day. You have, however, my best wishes. With great respect, Sincerely yours,

R. PATTERSON.

Brunswick, Maine,
Feb. 28, 1880.

Commander A. J. Sellers.

Dear Comrade:—I have not been able until now to give you anything like a positive answer. It seems to me now that I might be able to be with you and give a brief oration. I have had applications from half a dozen States, but my regard for General Meade and for my old comrades—thirteen Pennsylvania regiments being at one time and another in my command—is such that I am inclined to go to you, though it is rather a long journey for a busy man like me. Please let me know your wishes more fully. Yours sincerely,

J. L. CHAMBERLAIN.

No. 465 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.,
April 23, 1880.

My Dear Sir:—Your kind invitation to me to join in the ceremonies on May 29 has been received, for which please accept my thanks. I shall take pleasure in accepting it, unless prevented by something now unforeseen.

Yours truly,
H. W. SLOCUM.

Col. A. J. Sellers.

Office of the United States Attorney, New York.
April 10, 1880.

My Dear Comrade:—Yours of yesterday received. Let me cordially thank your Post, yourself and my valued friend, Gen. Bingham, for your kind invitation. I accept with sad pleasure. It is a privilege to share in paying honors to the memory of Gen. Meade.

Faithfully yours,
STEWART L. WOODFORD.

A. J. Sellers, Commander, etc., Philadelphia.

Jersey City, N. J.
May 3, 1880.

Col. A. J. Sellers, Geo. G. Meade Post, Philadelphia, Pa.

I am sorry to be compelled to decline your kind invitation. I am promised to speak at Friendship, N. J.

J. KILPATRICK.

Office of the Mayor of the City of Philadelphia,
May 1, 1880.

A. J. Sellers, Commander Post 1, G. A. R.

Dear Sir:—Your communication of 29th ult., relative to "a Marching Salute in connection with the Councils of the City of Philadelphia having under escort several distinguished soldiers on the morning of Decoration Day," was received. It affords me pleasure to accept your courtesy, and will be on the steps of the Mayor's Office, or any other place you may pleased to designate, at the hour specified. I am. Very respectfully,

WM. S. STOKLEY,
Mayor.

Select Council, Philadelphia.
May 14, 1880.

A. J. Sellers, Commander Geo. G. Meade Post No. 1, G. A. R.

Dear Sir:—I am directed by Select Council to notify you of their acceptance of the "Marching Salute," tendered by your Post on the morning of Decoration Day, May 29, 1880.

Respectfully,
JOSEPH H. PAIST,
Clerk of Select Council.

MEMBERSHIP.

A

†Asch, Myer.
Allen, R. W. P.
Arthur, William.
Atkinson, C. V.
Ashton, Thomas J.
Arbuckle, Samuel W.
Atwater, Howell.
Arbuckle, Henry J.
Abel, William W.
Atlee, Charles L.
Appel, A. M.
Albright, Joseph S.
Allman, Eugene.
Atlee, W. L., M. D.
Allen, William W.
Ackley, Shreve.
Abel, Charles A.
Audenried, James E.

B

Bingham, Henry H.
Bingham, James T.
‡Butler, John M.
*Briggs, Morris.
Beale, Colin M.
†Burk, William B.
Bell, William
Blakey, William F.
Beale, Charles E.
Bond, Joseph.
Bird, William C.
Bridger, Paul.
Boos, Lewis J.
Black, Robert.
Bonfield, Henry F.
Bartley, William.
Brooks, Henry C.
Bennett, James M.
Backus, William A.
Blair, Henry C.
Bell, Samuel.
Benson, R. Dale.
Benson, Edwin N.
Barnes, Paul H.
Burkhart, Theodore.
Brown, Henry A. B.
Benson, Frank C.
Butcher, Henry C.
Birckenhauer, Adolf.
Brown, Thomas.
Boyer, Charles.
Bird, John F.
Bowman, Wendell P.

C

Collins, James, M. D.
Clymer, James L.
Clarke, James F.
Cassidy, James F.
Cooper, Thomas F. G.
Colbourn, William K.
Connolly, John.
Chambers, James.
Cook, Arthur B.
Conrad, J. Fletcher.
Cave, Bowen M.
Cooper, William G.
Colton, John H.
Cochran, James B.
Cox, William.
Chamberlain, Harry L.
Carpenter, Emlen N.
Carr, Charles W.
Culin, John.
Coxe, Whitwell W.

D

Diehl, James B.
Devinny, George W.
Davis, John E.
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U

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W

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